

# LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.—No. 185.—27 NOVEMBER, 1847.

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*The Progress of America, from the Discovery by Columbus to the year 1846.* By JOHN MACGREGOR, Secretary to the Board of Trade; author of *Commercial Statistics, &c. &c.* 2 vols. large 8vo. London: 1847.

THESE volumes contain by far the most valuable store of facts which has ever been collected respecting the commercial and social history of the New Continent. It requires, indeed, some courage even to glance over the enormous mass of details, which these 3000 closely printed pages present to the eye. But a very brief examination dispels any doubt as to the serviceable and practical character of the work. Mr. Macgregor is so thoroughly conversant with the art of dealing with statistical figures, and long habit has rendered him such a master of arrangement, that an inquirer even moderately familiar with such studies will find himself easily enabled to turn to the particular pigeon-hole in which the materials he is in search of are deposited. The first volume embraces a general sketch of the history of discovery in the New Continent; its more recent political annals; the separate history and geography of British America, Brazil, and Spanish America; and the statistics of the two latter countries, together with those of Hayti and the foreign West Indies. In the second volume, Mr. Macgregor returns to the statistics of the United States of North America; and this is by far the most complete part of the work, as the subject is more important, and the materials more trustworthy.

We do not understand on what principle the British dominions in America are left out, or rather treated of in part only; a sketch of their history and geography being given, while the statistics both of British North America and the West Indies are wholly omitted. Perhaps Mr. Macgregor was of opinion that these regions, forming part of the British empire, would be more properly included in compilations treating of our own domestic affairs. Perhaps he intended at some future period to supply the omission. If otherwise, we cannot but regret it; not only on account of the peculiar interest which those parts of America possess for the British reader, but also because Mr. Macgregor is personally familiar with them. He illustrated their condition some years ago in his "British America," of which the statistical part is already antiquated, from the rapid changes which the subject-matter has undergone.

"The enthusiasm," says Mr. Macgregor, "which accompanied me in my youth to the British settlements in America, was first inspired by the writings of Robertson, Charlevoix, and Raynal—by poring over Hakluyt and Purchas, and the more recent collections of voyages and travels; and an ambition, entertained on perusing with delight the travels of

a near relation, the late Sir Alexander Mackenzie, to the Arctic shores, and afterwards across the broadest part of America to the Pacific. The more I study the progress of the European settlements in America, the more thoroughly am I convinced of an infallible truth, that the history of navigation and commerce is the history of civilization."

To enthusiasm of this order the history of American progress affords the most ample nourishment. The visions and speculations of the people of a new country are almost wholly of a material order. Wrestlers against nature, conquerors of the wilderness, their chief attention is concentrated on a struggle which, among inhabitants of the Old World like ourselves, is long ago over, and forgotten; and excites only the interest of romance. We have become settled in our present condition. There are many among us—nay, most of us, in some mood, have shared the feeling—who could be content to remain stationary, and to be neither more numerous, nor wealthier, nor more advanced in our command over nature, than we are at present, provided only the rest of the world could gain no advantage by slipping past us. Our cherished dreams are generally of other conquests and glories than these, and are not easily kindled by statistics; but statistics constitute the favorite excitement of the imagination of most Americans, and of Mr. Macgregor no less. He evidently enjoys himself amidst the long array of figures, which prove the rapidity of past advance, and illustrate the laws of future development.

A very large part of his first volume, however, contains matter more attractive to ordinary readers, being composed of extracts and summaries of modern travels, after the fashion of Pinkerton and other compilers; and here Mr. Macgregor has drawn very largely on American stores with which we were previously unacquainted. This is particularly the case in relation to Mexico, the old "Internal Provinces," so long unvisited, but now opened by the commercial and military enterprise of the Anglo-Americans—California, Oregon, and the interior of Brazil. Many of the sources from which he has derived this part of his collections are almost inaccessible to English readers in general.

As to the Spanish-American republics, Mr. Macgregor appears to have been perplexed between the necessity of making his work as complete as possible, and the extremely worthless character of the materials with which in their case he has had to deal. We place very little reliance on his political arithmetic respecting these regions, which, feebly disclosed to us in the personal narratives of a few occasional visitors from Europe and the United States, are sinking, for the most part, back into the darkness which concealed them from the eyes of the civilized world during the

century before their emancipation; and are left as it were aside in the rapid movement of the rest of Christendom. As to these, the statistician has to elicit his results from a multitude of old, ill-arranged, and contradictory authorities; and it is not altogether to be wondered at, if, with that propensity, which certainly belongs to his class, and from which Mr. Macgregor is not wholly free—to prefer collecting to analyzing—to fling down cartloads of figures on the desk, and trust to chance for the arrangement—his tables are often not only inaccurate, but sometimes inconsistent in their details.\* These portions of the work, however, will be consulted more as matters of curiosity than utility; except the commercial returns from the various ports of South America, which appear to rest, for the most part, on better authority, and to be compiled with great labor from sources generally unattainable.

As matters of political interest, the chapters relating to the United States constitute the main value of the work. Mr. Macgregor is well known in this country as the laborious and steady champion of the cause of free trade. He has had a share, and no trifling one, in directing the movement of the last few years. To many minds, his figures have brought stronger conviction than all the eloquence enlisted on the same side, both in and out of parliament. And now that the battle is won, (or nearly won) in his own country, there is no more glorious victory left to be achieved, than that which must ultimately be won, over the party prejudices and class-interests which still govern the commercial legislation of the great republic. That legislation may not be worse than what still prevails in many European countries; but it stands in more striking contrast with the character and the other institutions of a people so shrewd and far-sighted in all matters concerning their interests. Nor has it arisen, as in less enlightened states, from the successful intrigues, or the arbitrary exercise of power, of a protected class of monopolists. Nothing is more clear, to any one who has studied the history summed up in Mr. Macgregor's pages, than that the "American system" of protection arose from political and not from commercial motives. We are ourselves the fathers of it. It began in a desire of just, but impolitic retaliation on England. Once implanted in the state—according to the uniform history of such evil growths—it struck its roots too deeply in popular feeling to be eradicated, so long as the close balance of parties, and the difficulty of conducting the government, might render it an object with statesmen to bid for the votes of a protected class, strong in united self-interest rather than numbers.

\* *E. g.* Lima, at vol. i., p. 955, is made to contain 54,096 inhabitants, with an average of 2350 deaths annually. At p. 956 it is stated to have a population not exceeding 45,000, with 3500 interments in the year; a mortality at which even Mr. Chadwick would stand aghast. We are ashamed to notice such trifles in a work of this magnitude, but we might have multiplied instances; and the hint may direct attention in some future revision.

In 1785, Mr. Adams, then the United States minister at the Court of St. James', proposed to place the navigation and trade between the dominions of Great Britain and all the territories of the United States upon a basis of complete reciprocity. The proposal was not only rejected, but "he was given to understand that no other would be entertained." Mr. Adams, accordingly, advised his countrymen (in a letter to the foreign secretary, Mr. Jay):—"You may depend upon it, the commerce of America will have no relief at present; nor, in my opinion, ever, until the United States shall have generally passed navigation acts. If this measure is not adopted, we shall be derided; and, the more we suffer, the more will our calamities be laughed at. My most earnest exhortations to the states, then, are, and ought to be, to lose no time in passing such acts."

Advice to adopt a measure of retaliation, so justly provoked, however questionable its real policy might be, could hardly fail of being received with favor. The difficulties which the then constitution of the United States interposed in the way of unity of commercial legislation, prevented Mr. Adams' suggestion from being acted on for a few years. But, in 1789, on the adoption of the new federal constitution, congress passed a navigation law, which has since led to reciprocity treaties between us and them. Unfortunately, pursuing the same policy, they enacted in the same year their first tariff—innocent, indeed, in comparison with its successors, but the commencement of a series of legislation most mischievous to the people of both countries.

It is therefore but too true, as Mr. Macgregor shows, that "the American government, at the outset of its independent existence, would have agreed to commence and maintain an intercourse which would have enabled England to enjoy every possible advantage which could be derived from the United States, if they had remained colonies; and all those advantages, without either the perplexity or expense of governing them. The advances made with respect to such wise policy by the United States, were unhappily rejected." The first consequence of our selfish and sulky policy was a famine in the West Indies; of which Bryan Edwards gives the details with just indignation—the slaves, and poorer class of the free inhabitants, being deprived of their old supplies of food from the revolted colonies. The ultimate results were embargoes and restrictions; the almost civil war of 1812–15; the war of tariffs, which has continued ever since, though now happily one-sided only; and the crippling of our commerce with those who possess almost a monopoly of one article of the first necessity to us, and great advantages in the production of others.

Once commenced and set on foot, the "American system" of protecting domestic manufactures was far too tempting a delusion—flattering the prejudices of many, harmonizing with the honest but mistaken theories of some, and serving the interests of an acute few—not to enlist on its side

a large party, and become a great political bond of union. Mr. Hamilton, a great name in America—though we could never exactly ascertain the basis on which his reputation is founded—presented to congress his elaborated "Report on Manufactures" in 1791: a species of essay, embodying the favorite principles of the protection theory. But the breaking up of old political parties which followed the French Revolution, and the subsequent war with England, adjourned the execution of his recommendations until the year 1816, when an avowedly protective tariff was for the first time established. It is a curious fact, that this bill and that of 1824 were carried *against* the will of the New England States. In 1816, "nearly two thirds of the New England members voted for a reduction on the proposed duties on cotton manufactures; while out of 43 members from New York, New Jersey, and Pennsylvania, who voted on the question, nine only were in favor of it." In 1820, a very able speech indeed, in favor of free-trade, was delivered at Faneuil Hall. Neither Say nor Ricardo could have uttered sentiments more to the purpose; and the doctrines of these abstruse philosophers were clothed in plain, home-thrusting, popular oratory, of the best order. "For his part," the orator declared, "he believed, that, however derided, the principle of leaving such things very much to their own course, in a country like ours, was the only true policy; and that we could no more improve the order, and habit, and composition of society, by an artificial balancing of trades and occupations, than we could improve the natural atmosphere, by means of the condensers and rarefiers of the chemists." The speaker was *Daniel Webster*. Since that time, unhappily, falsehood has made its converts as well as truth. But the orator was on the popular side; for principles of freedom as yet commanded a majority among those whom Webster then addressed. On the introduction of the tariff of 1824, the votes of the New England States were fifteen for, and twenty-three against it: while those of the states of New York, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Kentucky, and Ohio, stood seventy-eight for, and only nine against. And in the discussions on the tariff of 1828, the same proportion still continued. While, therefore, that portion of the American people which alone possessed much manufacturing industry, and which has always evinced the greatest aptitude for commercial pursuits, continued hostile to restrictions which could by no possibility do good to any but themselves—while they, the only parties who could derive a share of profit from monopoly, continued to repudiate it—it was literally carried through by the votes of the farmers and planters of the central states, whose predilection for the "American system" was simply suicidal!—a curious proof, among many others in the history of commercial legislation, how often mere ignorance, or mere party spirit, has done the mischief ordinarily attributed to self-interest.

Once started, however, in the cause of protection against their will, the New Englanders soon

became converts to its doctrines; and no wonder. To them the benefit was immediate, at the expense of all their fellow-citizens; the loss contingent and ultimate only. We find, on analyzing the tables of Mr. Macgregor, that the six states of New England, containing one eighth of the population of the whole republic, produces two thirds of its cotton fabrics, three fifths of its woollens, nearly half its leathers, and other articles in almost the same proportion. The single state of Massachusetts owns one sixth of the manufacturing capital of the nation. As far, therefore, as protection can confer benefit on the producers of the monopolized articles, they, and they alone, have reaped it. The remaining eighteen millions of the proudest and most irritable nation upon earth—men to whom a dollar paid by way of a salary to a priest, or civil list to a king, appears an oppression to be resisted to the last drop of blood—are content to disburse for the benefit of their Yankee brethren, a tribute which, in all probability, would defray the civil expenditure of half a dozen small European monarchies—nay, they have pressed and compelled the modest and reluctant Yankees to accept it!

How much those worthy descendants of the pilgrim fathers have gained by the advantages thus forced upon them, we may by-and-by endeavor to estimate. In the mean time, the burden has been usually borne by the tributary states with that stolid patience, or rather that exulting and self-applauding self-denial, with which large bodies of mankind are in the habit of offering up their contributions to the cunning few. But this has not been uniformly the case. In the year 1828-32, the Union was in greater danger of disruption than at any period before or since, from the nullification movement of South Carolina, in which Georgia, and even Virginia, very nearly participated. It cannot be wondered at that the southern planters, amidst their exhausted fields and decaying ports,\* and suffering severely under the competition of the newer soils of Louisiana and the Mississippi, felt aggrieved by the pressure of duties, which at once narrowed the market for their commodities, and increased their cost of production. The report of the Carolinian committee, to inquire into the power of the judicial government, declared "all legislation for the protection of domestic manufactures to be unconstitutional, as being in favor of a local interest, and that congress had no power to legislate, except upon subjects of general interest"—a difficult proposition to answer on political principles, whatever reply American jurists may be able to make to it. The movement failed, however, as it deserved to fail, because, with an unfortunate perversity, the people of South Carolina chose to include in the same proscription, as unconstitutional, "all legislation for the purpose of meliorating the condition of the free colored and

\* The exports of South Carolina have remained stationary for the last thirty years. Charleston, its capital, is the only large American town of which the population diminished between 1830 and 1840.



slave population of the United States:" mingling with one of the most righteous, the basest purpose for which men could band themselves together. Their opponents gave up the cause of the negroes, and preserved that of monopoly. The Carolinian demand was met by Mr. Clay's "compromise bill," which adroitly relieved from duty those articles only in which no American competing industry existed. But the "compromise" was again set aside by the prevailing party in 1842, when its minimum duties were about to come into operation, and a new and more stringent tariff enacted; carried rather by the spirit of party, says Mr. Macgregor, than by the influence of the manufacturers; in which we believe he is perfectly accurate. An attempt was made to reintroduce the "compromise" in 1844, but without success; the later modifications of 1846 hardly deserve notice; and America remains burdened with a system which would be ruinous to countries of less energy and resources, though in her case it may be rather inconvenient and absurd than seriously oppressive.

Taking a comprehensive view of the subject, we may say that the causes of American progress are so powerful and rapidly operative, that even the commercial measures of her government cannot materially retard it, as assuredly they have hitherto done nothing to promote it. With that perfect freedom of internal trade which prevails throughout the vast republic—with those admirable inventions for facilitating and accelerating inter-communication of people, traffic, and thought, of which no country in the world (England herself not excepted) has availed herself so largely or so wisely in proportion to her means—a few vexatious restrictions, more or less, on foreign commerce, can scarcely affect the development of her social wealth with any vital injury.\*

But there is quite enough of immediate loss—more than enough, unhappily, of substantial political injury—to avenge the cause of free trade on its unreasoning enemies. The American citizen pays from 95 to 178 per cent. for his window glass, 75 to 150 per cent. on articles of manufactured iron; "embracing," says Mr. Macduffie, the senator, "most of the tools and implements necessarily used on every farm and plantation in the country;" 133 per cent. on salt, 75 to 150 per cent. (by the help of deceitful modes of valuation) on the prints and calicoes "of which every female of the middle and lower classes is a consumer." In order that he may enjoy these and similar benefits without fear of interruption by the smuggler, he pays for "steam revenue cutters" to cruise among the islands and sand-bars which

fringe the free Atlantic along his coast; and far larger sums towards the hopeless experiment of closing a land frontier of 1200 miles against the Canadians. To maintain the same "American" cause, he has suffered the seeds of disunion, and of just but fatal antipathies, to grow up between those sections of his commonwealth, which, under the most favorable circumstances, and with the nicest endeavor to preserve the equipoise, it is most difficult to keep in harmony under the same government.

There is also another mode in which the tariff has given a secret but very serious blow to the stability of American institutions. The whig party are the true conservatives of America, and their influence in the long-run is the main check which exists on the tendency of its social system towards anarchy and dissolution. But the whigs, by their fatal alliance with monopoly, have at once made themselves the enemies of large and really injured classes in their own country, and lost great part of their claim to the sympathy and encouragement of those in foreign nations, who were of old their natural allies. What effective counterpoise can be expected to the influence of ultra-democratic opinion, from a party pledged to a course of policy which, in the Old World, has in every instance hitherto ended by weakening and ultimately ruining its supporters? The whigs may be assured, that their attachment to monopoly will break up their party at last, and with it, perhaps, the constitution of their country. So long as the American farmer chooses to feed himself and his cattle upon taxed salt, to work on his land with taxed iron, to dress his wife and daughters in taxed calicoes—not to preserve national honor, to plant the rapacious eagle on the towers of Cortes, or to humble the obstinate "Britisher"—

*"Non ut superbas invide Carthaginis  
Romanus arcus ureret,  
Intactus aut Britannus ut descenderet  
Sacra catenatus Via"*

but simply that the world may admire the "factory girls" of Lowell, and that a few Yankee speculators may get rich in the towns of New England, and a few scattered capitalists in and near the great cities of the rest of the Union—so long these statesmen may enjoy a poorly-acquired popularity; but the dispelling of that delusion will place them at the feet of their enemies, unless they extricate themselves beforehand from the false position which they now occupy.

There has been, however, a different line of apology sometimes adopted for the American system of protection, which justly deserves to be considered and weighed by those who have not persuaded themselves into so completely one-sided a view of the subject, as to reject at once all protective regulations, without inquiry or discrimination. Admitting that all protection involves a sacrifice of national wealth, it has been argued, that some sacrifice may nevertheless be reasonably endured, in order to secure such a distribution of it as shall best suit national interests. It may be conceded,

\* If the following details are to be depended upon, they are curious, as showing the effect of improved internal communications in renovating the trade and wealth of a city, which, had it not been for them, were in a course of partial deterioration. They are taken from the Comptroller of New York's Report, quoted by Mr. Macgregor at vol. ii., p. 217.

	Inhabitants.	Real & Personal Estate.	per head.
In 1816 New York city had	95,000	\$82,000,000	862
In 1825 (Erie canal opened)	166,000	101,000,000	609
In 1835	270,000	218,000,000	807



for the sake of argument—such is the language of those who employ the reasoning of which we speak—that the loss which the protection of American manufactures occasions to the scattered millions who raise the raw produce of the republic, is greater than the gain to the manufacturers and operatives. But the chief weakness of America lies in the dispersion of her population. The tendency of her agricultural classes to spread and scatter themselves over an enormous extent of territory, prevents the rise of cities, the growth of habits of order and respect for law—the progress, in short, of civilization. There may, therefore, be good policy in fostering at their expense the industry of the older, more populous, more conservative portions of the republic; the influence of the wide unsettled west being already far too great, both on the balance of political power, and on the moral character of American society.

These certainly are not the doctrines of Jefferson, who looked forward with alarm to the rise of American cities; but they may not the less deserve a fair investigation; and those who hold them will not be persuaded out of them by ordinary free trade arguments. It happens, however, that they will not stand the test of figures. Mr. Macgregor's tables are not compiled with any view to meet this particular line of argument, of which he does not indeed take any notice;—the evidence which they furnish against it is therefore the more satisfactory. If we examine, in the first place, the progress of population in the five old New England States, Connecticut, Massachusetts, Vermont, Rhode Island, New Hampshire, which alone deserve the character of manufacturing districts, and where, if anywhere, the protecting system should operate in drawing together and concentrating greater numbers of inhabitants—we find the following results:—

	1830.	1840.
Massachusetts,	610,408	737,699
The other four States,	944,930	985,368

It appears, therefore, that while Massachusetts has undoubtedly made a considerable, though by no means a remarkable advance, the other manufacturing states, during the ten years in which the tariff was most operative, actually increased in population at a lower rate than average English counties. If we examine the table of exports, the deductions to be drawn from them are precisely similar. Comparing the years 1822 and 1842 (which appear to be fair average years) we find the results, in round numbers, to be, that Massachusetts exported, in 1822, to the value of four millions of dollars; in 1842, 6,700,000. The other four states, in 1822, 1,500,000; in 1842, only 1,400,000; in other words, they have remained stationary during the period in which, if there were any truth in the doctrines of the American system, they ought to have made the most decided progress; possessing, as they do, every facility for manufacturing purposes in a higher degree than any other part of America. Massachusetts alone has gained; and, without denying that protection

may have given some stimulus to the cotton manufactures of Massachusetts, it would be a libel on the people of that energetic state, to believe that the real source of their high prosperity lies in the tribute which their monopoly draws from their brethren.

We apprehend, therefore, that this argument, the most plausible which we have met with in favor of the tariff, entirely fails. Protection has not girt the New England States with Mr. Wakefield's belt of iron;—it has not checked, in the slightest degree, the westward movement and dispersion of their population;—it has had no effect whatever in determining the progress of society, or giving the much-desired principle of cohesion to the people or institutions of any part of America. It is, in short, as politically worthless as it is economically false; and Mr. Macgregor's is the only sound conclusion from the long and possibly tedious detail into which we have entered.

“If there be one course of policy more than another which we would advocate, to which we would devote our endeavors, in order to aid in obtaining the only certain guarantee of peace and of friendship between two great nations, who in language and race are one people—that course of policy is to establish the least possible restriction on the interchange of the commodities of the one country in the other—upon the arrival, remaining, and departure, of the ships and citizens of America, in every British port and place in the universe—of British ships and subjects in every port and place within the American regions. If ever the history of the world presented two states in a position and condition to do each other the utmost possible good, or the greatest possible evil, such are the actual positions, and actual conditions, of the United Kingdom and United States.”

Would it, however, be desirable, supposing it were possible, to accelerate the progress of the United States towards fixity of population!—to counteract the tendency to dispersion, by promoting the growth of cities, the head-quarters of civilization, wealth, and order, the correctives, if such are to be found, of American ochlocracy! The truth is, that if this object be among the political requirements of America, canals and rail-ways are already achieving it, with a rapidity which confounds all the estimates of statesmen and statisticians alike. Mr. Macgregor has quoted largely from a series of articles on the internal trade of the United States, by Mr. Scott of Ohio; a speculator of the true American cast, indulging in views of future greatness sufficiently bold and comprehensive; but of whose prophecies some “per-centage” will no doubt be realized—enough perhaps to secure for their author the credit of second-sight among the swarm of nations which will one day be assembled in the valley of the Mississippi. The following are some of his calculations on this subject:—In Massachusetts, from 1830 to 1840, more than half the increase of the population of the whole state took place in the nine principal towns (66,000 out of 128,000.) In the same period, the increase in the whole State of New York was 27 per cent.; in the fourteen largest

towns, 64½ per cent.; in the state, exclusive of these towns, only 19 per cent.; and yet in New York there are still whole counties of nearly unoccupied land. Pennsylvanian enterprise in the same period suffered materially from the "crash of her monetary system." But even in Pennsylvania the nine largest towns exhibited a gain of 39½ per cent.; the whole state, of only 21½ per cent. In Ohio, the great agricultural state, the eighteen largest towns increased 138 per cent.; the state only 62 per cent. The increase of the twenty largest towns of the United States, from New York to St. Louis, inclusive, was 55 per cent.; that of the whole country less than 34 per cent. If the slave-holding states were left out, the result of the calculation would be still more favorable to the towns.—(Vol. ii., p. 750.) The most ardent well-wisher for the concentration of American population could hardly desire more rapid results than these; and yet the impulse from which they proceed may be said to have scarcely begun its operation. America is fast becoming a country of great cities.

And, to pass from subjects of American interest to such as more nearly concern us in Europe; this last circumstance, the great and disproportionate growth of her town population, and the certainty that the ratio will continue to increase, is very important to be borne in mind, in considering the question of the future ability of the United States to supply our demand for articles of food. As to the idea, prevalent to a certain extent among ourselves, and trumpeted forth by the American press with its usual grandiloquence, that the existing surplus of the agricultural produce of the United States (on the breadth of cultivation existing in 1845 and 1846) was sufficient to fill up the deficit of an European famine, or even to make any great impression on our enormous need, had Providence continued the scarcity among us, or afflicted our grain harvest with blight in addition to our potatoes—never was anything more fallacious. Commercial exaggeration reached its height, in the recent anticipations of cereal imports from America. And since the adage, *omne ignotum pro magnifico*, is in no instance more true than in the matter of markets, it may be worth while to give, as briefly as we can, the results of Mr. Macgregor's statistics on this important subject.—(Book ii., c. 5.) Mr. Macgregor, we must state, or rather his authorities, are answerable only for the figures; the calculations are our own.

Mr. Macgregor gives at vol. ii., p. 489, the following "estimate by Mr. Ellsworth," (he does not further describe his vouchee,) of the crops of the United States, in 1844:—

	BUSHEL.S.
Wheat, . . . . .	95,607,000
Indian Corn, . . . . .	421,953,000
Oats, . . . . .	172,247,000
Rye, . . . . .	26,450,000
Buck Wheat, . . . . .	9,071,000
Barley, . . . . .	3,627,000
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	728,955,000

But as it should seem from other calculations (see vol. ii., p. 961) that the export of wheat in the same year (including flour) amounted to nearly 8,000,000 of bushels, (and this was rather below the average,) the total amount for home consumption and seed must be taken at 87,000,000 bushels: that is, about four and a half bushels per head, the whole population being taken at nineteen millions and a half. In the United Kingdom, in the same year, it is probable that about 160,000,000 bushels were required for consumption and seed: that is, more than six bushels per head. The Americans, therefore, profuse and even wasteful as they are in their subsistence, consume considerably less *wheat* per head than the inhabitants of the United Kingdom. This is perfectly conclusive as to the impossibility of their supplying any great or sudden European demand for wheat, unless there should take place some large increase in its cultivation. But this is by no means the whole of the case. Of the 95,607,000 bushels of wheat produced in the United States, nearly one half is raised west of the Alleghanies: chiefly in the rich plains of Ohio and Indiana, and even in the far north-western clearings of Michigan. These supplies will no doubt become available in seasons like that through which we have just passed. But the western farmer, in estimating how much he can raise with a profit, does not rest his practical calculations on exceptional demands, such as that of 1847. And to how great a height must prices rise in this country, before supplies raised a thousand miles beyond the Atlantic can compete not only with our own produce, but with that of Poland and Prussia!

The same remark applies to the quantity of Indian corn which America has to send. Enormous as her production of this grain appears to be—about 20 bushels per head, according to Mr. Ellsworth's estimate—it is not, nor is likely to become, an article of regular consumption in Great Britain and the populous countries of Western Europe. Scarcity alone creates a demand for it. The cultivator, therefore, cannot take this demand into his estimate: and it must be supplied, not from the stores of merchants, but from savings out of ordinary consumption; and these are slowly collected and slowly forwarded. When the demand is at the strongest, the supply will be short and the price enormous, as was the case for some weeks last spring in Ireland. But, by the time that the farmer has learned to stint his pigs, and spare his waste, and the accumulated savings of some hundred thousand little households find their way to the Atlantic, prices have fallen, merchants are ruined, and farmers must be long-sighted indeed to keep themselves in readiness for a similar emergency, which may not recur for many years.

This is a subject at the present moment of so much interest, that we venture to subjoin a long extract from papers quoted by Mr. Macgregor (vol. ii., p. 493) from the *Philadelphia Commercial List* of 1842. It will be seen that the calculations vary

in some slight degree from our own, but the conclusions are the same: of course they were compiled when no anticipation existed of European scarcity.

"It is very generally believed abroad, that wheat is of very general culture in our country; but such is not the fact. This table" (alluding to an elaborate one which we omit) "divides the states and territories into three districts. The first embraces the six New England states; the second, the states in what may be called the 'wheat district,' extending from latitude 35° to 45° north, and from longitude 5° east to 15° west of Washington; and the third, states south of latitude 35°. The cultivation of wheat was commenced in the New England states at quite an early date after their first settlement, and with sufficient success to supply the wants of the colonists; but it could not be continued with profit when Pennsylvania was settled, and its lands (more congenial to wheat) subjected to the plough. Then the hardy and venturesome sons of the Puritans found it their interest to 'cultivate' the 'ocean,' and, by exchange of its productions, purchase flour and grain from the descendants of Penn. The efforts made since the revolution, and by aid of bounties, even to within three or four years, to revive the cultivation of wheat in the eastern sections, have proved alike unsuccessful; and the agricultural pursuits of New England will, doubtless, in future be confined to the more suitable products of Indian corn and potatoes, with pasturage of cattle, and increased growth of wool, in parts more remote from the sea-board.

"With the states south of the wheat section, we have included North Carolina; for, although a great part of this state lies north of 35°, and wheat is cultivated towards its northern parts, the soil in general is better adapted to Indian corn, and the quantity cultivated is large.

"To the north of 45° north on this continent, the length and severity of the winters will prevent the cultivation of wheat to any material extent. This opinion will appear remarkable in England, when it is considered that the most southerly point of Great Britain is near north latitude 49°, and that the culture of wheat is successfully extended to north latitude 55°. But that island has an open ocean to the north and west, and the north sea to the east; whereas the American continent towards the north-west is unbroken to the polar sea; and to the north, and towards north-west, is indented with immense bays, covered by ice for nine months in the year.

"To the west, longitude 15° west of Washington, commence those extensive prairies extending to the Rocky Mountains, on which it is not likely the cultivation of wheat will be extended, nor any permanent settlement made, except along some of the water-courses, for years to come. The want of wood and water on those plains will stop the advance of civilization in that direction, and leave them to the buffalo and the Indian. How far it will be practicable to cover them with sheep, horses, and cattle, controlled by man, as on the steppes of the Banda Oriental, remains to be ascertained by experiment.

"The wheat section within 10 deg. of latitude, and 20 deg. of longitude, embraces about one half the surface of the states, or one fourth that of the states and territories, but within this there is abundance of untouched land of the finest quality awaiting the

invasion of the cultivator. Nor can that be delayed for the wants of a population constantly increasing both within and without this district, and not regarding foreign countries, demand a rapid increase in the growth of wheat. If our estimate is correct, that the United States and territories will number 22,000,000 inhabitants in 1850, the additional quantity to be raised in that year over 1840, to supply an increase of 5,000,000 consumers at home, and leave seed, &c., must be about 22,000,000 bushels, equal to the whole crop raised in 1800. To bring the cultivation up to this point, it becomes necessary that for ten years 130,000 acres of new land per annum should be put under wheat culture alone, and three times that quantity under culture, in corn, rye, oats, or in pasturage. To accomplish this will require that the labor of full one third of the whole increase in population be directed to agricultural pursuits in this district.

"On reference to Table No. 8, it will be observed that we have stated the consumption of wheat to be at the average of three bushels and a half per head in the eastern district, (New England States,) four bushels and one twelfth per head in the wheat district, and two bushels per head in the southern, or cotton and sugar district. Those very low estimates will appear remarkable to England, where the consumption of wheat is estimated at six to eight bushels per head. It is easy, however, to account for this difference, which arises from the more general consumption in this country of Indian corn, rye, and buckwheat, for culinary purposes. In the eastern states, Indian corn and rye are generally used; and in parts more remote from the sea-coast, wheat bread is almost unknown. In the middle and western states, with the agricultural population in particular, more than half the bread is made of corn and rye meal; and buckwheat is also extensively used. In the southern and south-western states, corn becomes the leading article, and in some, rice is an important auxiliary; but to the colored population (full one half in those states) wheat is unknown. This will account for the very low estimate of two bushels per head which we have given for the consumption of wheat in the southern district.

"Throughout every part of the United States Indian corn is raised. It is used both green and ripe, is easily prepared for food, and fully as nutritious as wheat. Its usual cost per bushel in the interior is about one third that of wheat; and for human nutriment, one bushel of Indian corn is perhaps equal to one bushel and three fourths of barley, or three bushels of oats. It is not, therefore, surprising that the use of this invaluable grain should be so general, and that of oats and barley unknown—but for animal's food and the brewery.

"The population of Pennsylvania has not increased so rapidly as that of New York, and although her surplus of wheat is not, perhaps, so great as twenty or even thirty years back, it is still very considerable; but as little good land now remains unbroken in eastern Pennsylvania, and labor is fast seeking mining and manufacturing employments, this surplus will gradually diminish, and the time is not very remote when our metropolis will have to rely on the country beyond the Ohio for wheat bread. In all the old wheat districts in the states of Delaware, Maryland, and Virginia, the land is so completely exhausted by continued cropping, that it must be abandoned for years, until restored to vigor by the reoperative powers of nature, or transferred to another population, better qualified to



recover it by art and industry. In the upper section of those states, and towards the western parts of Maryland and Virginia, a different agricultural system prevails; and there the cultivation of wheat is still on the advance.

"If we make a natural line of the Mississippi to the confluence of the Ohio, and up this river to Pittsburg, and thence draw an imaginary line north to Lake Erie, and continue it round the northern and eastern frontiers of the United States, it will be found that at this time the wheat raised in all this section of the United States, is about equal to what is consumed in it, and that the whole surplus shipped from the United States to foreign countries, including Canada, is in fact produced in the states and territories north and west of the Ohio river. We have stated the whole export in 1840, to September 30, at 11,208,365 bushels, and the wheat and flour of the crop of 1839, which left those states, &c., for Canada, or came to the Atlantic cities by various outlets, the Ohio and Mississippi rivers, the canals and railroads of Maryland, Pennsylvania, and New York, was about equal to this quantity.

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But, secondly, although these observations apply only to the present, and although the possible amount of produce to be raised from such a breadth of fertile land as the Americans have only begun to furrow, must be left to imagination, yet those who anticipate a very rapid increase of exportable food would do well to bear in mind what has already been said of the disproportionate increase of their town population. The following speculations of Mr. Scott will appear extravagant only to those unaccustomed to American statistics. However large the figures may appear, they are suggested by the very reasonable assumption that the existing ratio of augmentation, in towns and rural districts respectively, will merely continue. According to English experience, the disproportion ought to increase in favor of the towns; and it must also be remembered, that towns-people are peculiarly a wheat and meat consuming class of the community.

"Of the 10,500,000 now inhabiting the Mississippi valley, little more than 500,000 live in towns; leaving about 10,000,000 employed in making farms out of the wilds, and producing human food and materials for manufactures. Even since the late period when these remarks were written, many of the interior towns have greatly increased in population. When, in 1890, we number 53,000,000 according to our estimate, *there will be but one third of this number* (to wit, 18,000,000) employed in agriculture and rural trades. Of the increase up to that time, being 42,500,000, 8,000,000 will go into rural occupations, and 34,500,000 into towns.

"Should we, yielding to the opinion of those who may believe that more than one third of our people will be required for agriculture and rural trades, make the estimate on the supposition that one half the population of our valley, forty-seven years hereafter, will live on farms, and in villages below the rank of towns, the amount will stand thus: 26,500,000, being the one half of 53,000,000, will be the amount of the rural population: so that it must receive 16,000,000 in addition to the 10,000,000 it now has. The towns in the same time will have an increase of 26,000,000, in addition to the 500,000 now in them."—(Vol. ii., p. 751.)

In the next place, although this vast town population be as yet matter of anticipation only, yet the number of the people of America who must be set down as non-producers is very much greater than is usually imagined—so great as to make a most essential distinction between her and the grain-raising countries of the East of Europe, in which all the inhabitants, from noble to serf, with very few exceptions, are engaged in the cultivation of the soil. The emigrants form one division of this class. Every year sees a number of hungry mortals disembarked on the shores of the states, all, or nearly all, accustomed by the habits of the old country to the consumption of wheaten bread, of which, as we have seen, native Americans consume comparatively so little. All these additional mouths must be provided for out of the common stock; and they are amply and superabundantly provided for. During the first year in all cases, often during the second also, they can raise nothing for themselves.

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lation. There is something also of the character of a distinct race, very different from the former, in the white inhabitants of the Southern Atlantic States. Another exists in the valleys of the Alleghanies, where the German blood prevails. All these, and many more loose and floating masses, if such they may be called, of population, are held together by the slightest possible political union. If the inhabitants of each canton or district grew up into a fixed compact body—if they were not cemented together, as it were, by immigration from without and intermigration among themselves—sectional interests would, in all probability soon prevail, and the Union would fall in pieces. Grievances would accumulate, and repealers would arise wherever the province was forced to give way to the community, were not the population itself, in most parts of the country, renewed too rapidly to admit of local sentiments growing to a head. And the succession of emigrants from Europe, while it keeps up that circulation which seems essential to the life of the American constitution, at the same time has some effect in keeping up a common feeling of kindred amidst these fluctuating multitudes. It appears, therefore, that the European strangers, besides fighting the battles of the Americans, manning their ships, and constructing their public works, perform an important part in the political mechanism of their commonwealth.

Meanwhile, the great movement of European emigration itself offers to the mind's vision a spectacle of the same silent and sustained grandeur with which the eye is impressed in watching the everlasting flow of some deep and powerful river. It brings forcibly home to our imagination, that which the continual bustle of superficial politics is apt to make us forget, the force of the great under-currents which move society—influences, so strong and uniform as to resemble the instincts of gregarious animals, and yet of which governments know little or nothing; which assemblies cannot control by their rhetoric, nor more powerful journalists arrest or quicken with their pens. The endless procession moves ever from east to west, without regard to the counsels, or prophecies, or speculations of statesmen—an exceeding great army, in which the masses, acting without concert or knowledge of each other, accomplish their purpose as effectually as if one will actuated the whole—

“Ein lang’ und breites Volksgewicht,  
Der erste wusste vom letzten nicht.”

The last ten years have witnessed the putting in practice of very ingenious theories of colonization. We have, by dint of great efforts and extensive agitation, achieved the result of sending out as many as 30,000 emigrants by government aid in one year (1841;) and it was thought, with great reason, a wonderful exertion, with which it has been found impossible to keep up since. Meanwhile, the unassisted, unnoticed emigration of every year trebles or quadruples that amount—

so little can the laborious efforts of government keep pace with the gigantic operations of masses of men acting on private motives. Colonial affairs have excited for some time past an unusual degree of interest and stir on the surface of society. Much has been done towards rendering our settlements attractive to emigrants. Not only government, but powerful combinations of capitalists have been unsparing in their inducements and promises. Repeatedly has it been shown by economical argument, that the United States, on the other hand, condemned the emigrant to poverty by selling their land too cheap. Yet, if we look at the tables of emigration, we find that these noisy blasts and counterblasts had absolutely no effect whatever upon it. They neither affected its numbers nor its direction. Indeed, emigration to the United States has increased greatly in the last ten years, while that to our American colonies has, on the whole, fallen off, and was much greater in 1831, before Mr. Wakefield was heard of, or systematic colonization began to be preached, than it has ever been since. As the progress, so the quality of emigration, so to speak, has been always so steady as to show the permanent nature of the causes which produce it. Notwithstanding the supposed attachment of Englishmen to their own habits and political institutions, these ties seem as inefficacious to keep them on this side of the republican border, as the doctrines of political economy. For many years past, English emigrants to the new world have gone almost wholly to the states; of Irish, a considerable majority to Canada; while the Highland Scots retain an odd predilection for the fogs and rocks of the lower colonies, so resembling their own. Connection, no doubt, is one main cause which perpetuates these hereditary tendencies of the great families of our fellow subjects; neighbor lends neighbor a helping hand to lift him across the Atlantic; families are transported piece by piece, like ready-made houses; the stone cries out of the wall, and the beam from the timber answers it; and the correspondence between districts at home and abroad, once formed, is continued through many generations. But there is more than this in the economy of the great movement—much, as we have said, of which governments and political reasoners know nothing. What do these multitudes care for theories of civil government? American politics have been as unpopular in this country for some years past as they were formerly popular; but emigration, as we have seen, has increased steadily all the while. What, indeed, are church and state, and ancestral institutions to them, more than the baronial honors of the nobleman to the deer who break out of his overstocked park? What are slavery and repudiation, and all the black spots which European observation traces on the disk of that western sun which lures them across the ocean? They seek the land of promise; and in nine cases out of ten, they find it a land of performance. America is at this day, more than ever, what it has been for centuries, a great prov-

identical blessing to an overpeopled Old World; the greater, because not indiscriminate; because it offers nothing except to the industrious and energetic—it is to the brave man only that every soil is a native country.

Nor has it entered into the calculations of ordinary thinkers how essentially the peculiarities of American government and society are calculated to further this great design of Providence, by rendering the bounties of nature as open and as attractive as possible to the host of new-comers. We have had condemnation enough expended of late on American institutions; let us now look a little at the favorable side, not in respect of those democratic theories which for the moment have gone to sleep in this country, but as to actual every-day practice. The states might by this time have acquired a church and aristocracy of their own—or have fallen under a military monarchy—or have remained under English colonial dominion. And let it even be assumed that they would have enjoyed more of respectability and decency under either form of government—would they have been as attractive to the emigrant? If so, why is it that, notwithstanding all the obvious advantages of our colonies, almost the whole of the unassisted English and Lowland Scotch emigration across the Atlantic—that is, the emigration of the better provided and more thoughtful class—goes to the states instead of Canada? Again, the southern provinces of Russia offer, to the German emigrant, equally vast tracts of unpeopled and fertile land, more manageable for purposes of settlement, on account of the absence of forests, equally healthy, and nearer at hand; and every possible inducement is held out by the Russian government to German colonists; they are fostered and cared for, by nobles and authorities, like exotic plants purchased at great cost. And yet, after sixty or seventy years of experiments, the German colonists in Russia, and their descendants, are said by Mr. Kohl not to exceed a quarter of a million, and appear to receive very few recruits. The hardy Swabians and Franconians prefer to cross the ocean and take their chance in America, where they are just as much strangers as in Russia; with this difference, that their adopted countrymen care not one straw for their success or discomfiture, and they are left to sink or swim. For every German subject whom the czar acquires, Pennsylvania and Ohio gain nine or ten citizens.

It is idle to suppose that this marked preference on the part of the more substantial classes of emigrants, arises from exalted political theories, or exaggerated expectations of wealth. Were such the case, the bubble would have burst long ago. People go to America, because in the long-run those who went before them have found it answer. Nor is it superior fertility of soil, or advantages of climate, which have produced these results. They are owing, in the first place, to political institutions. Emigrants require neither patronage nor encouragement to flourish. They are not needed by the industrious man, if tolerably for-

tunate in his position: they can do nothing for him when located on ungrateful soil; and to the idle man they are simply injurious everywhere. Justice and freedom alone are necessary. Not the nicely-balanced and well-considered justice, administered by careful lawyers under venerable codes, which men enjoy in countries of older civilization; but rough, practical justice, administered by men who may not be always sagacious, or always incorruptible, but who understand his case, and are guided by usages which have grown up along with the outward circumstances to which they are applied. Not freedom, as understood by a political theorist, or a philosophical poet, or a wandering Arab; but simply the license to do as nearly as possible what a man pleases, provided he do not interfere with the rights of neighbors in similar circumstances with himself, or oppose those passions of the multitude with which his own generally coincide. Of all this he is certain from the moment he touches American soil. What has continental Europe to compare with this? What has even England, with all the ancient liberality of her institutions, cramped, as she inevitably is, by the necessity of maintaining existing orders of society in a struggling and restless position, and by the complex rights of property, which as necessarily arise in a space so densely crowded? Let us not deceive ourselves. The ultra-democratic career of America may be a warning to our statesmen. Her social and political deformities may be, and we rejoice that they are, fully appreciated by the educated classes of our community, and justly animadverted on by the ordinary guides of popular feeling. But, notwithstanding all this, America is still to the bulk of our population the land of requital and redress—the distant country in which oppressions cease, and poverty grows full-fed and bold, in which fortune opens her arms to the courageous, and the least adventurous looks forward to the achievement of independence and contentment before he die.

The direction of the great current of emigration, both of new-comers from Europe, and wanderers from the eastern states, appears to undergo gradual changes, like everything else in that land of mutability. The desertion of the eastern sea-board, wherever the population has not acquired some degree of cohesion by the growth of trade and towns, is said to go on as rapidly as ever; and although attempts have been made of late to re-people some abandoned lands, more years than the period of their brief cultivation must probably elapse, before they recover their fertility, and become once more attractive to emigrants. The great valley of the Ohio, to the north of that river whose left bank is blighted by slavery, is still the main recipient of emigration, as it has been for about thirty years. But already there are symptoms of a change of direction; it seems that of late years the current has set more decidedly towards the southern shore of the Canadian lakes; a region less magnificent in its vegetation, but further removed from slavery, possessing a healthier



climate, and enjoying means of transit and commerce, to the production of which nature has contributed a larger share. Cleveland,\* or Maumere, or Sandusky, or some other spot on the banks of Lake Erie, say the speculators, will be the great growing American city of the latter end of this century. Next in order comes a similar, but less favorably situated region, the states of the far north-west, Iowa and Wisconsin, already receiving a considerable proportion of the annual immigration.

Within these limits, assuredly magnificent enough, the principal future expansion of the white population of America is probably to take place. For the "Far West," however attractive to the imagination of Americans, is not the destined seat of a community resembling that which they have at present constructed. Nature, so lavish in her bounties to them, has nevertheless set them her own definite limits, which they will not profitably overstep. From a line drawn parallel with, and one or two hundred miles west of, the Mississippi, the prairie region extends uninterruptedly to the Rocky Mountains; and this region, though embracing many fertile tracts, is not in general adapted for the settlement of a great agricultural people. As the dense population of China is hemmed in to the north and west by the almost unpeopled territory of the Tartar nomades, or as that of ancient Mesopotamia and Egypt was closely girt by the Desert, so that a mere line separated the land cultivated like a garden from the solitude of the Arab; so likewise, though with somewhat less marked contrast, the populous Mississippi valley will border westward on the land of pasturage. It is true that nature has been bountiful to the Anglo-Americans, even in the character of their deserts. These are only reached gradually. Nature dies by slow successive changes, as the traveller passes from the banks of the great river to the Rocky Mountains. First comes the tract of scattered wood; then the uniform and level prairie; then the sandy waste; and even this is interspersed with remarkable spots of fertility, the "parks" and "pens" of the western trappers and hunters. But, speaking generally, the character of extreme aridity prevails throughout the central belt of North America, from the region of snow to that of eternal sunshine. New Mexico, for example—just now the object of the fierce rapacity of a people possessing more fertile unoccupied land than any other upon earth—is but a narrow valley, in which rain rarely falls, kept in a productive state only by the greatest economy of water, under the Spanish system of irrigation. Its great Rio del Norte,

which looks so imposing on the maps, is said to be seldom above knee-deep, in a course of fifteen hundred miles to the tide-water. After the Rocky Mountains have been passed, the country to the westward, making due allowance for fertile intervals, appearing far more luxuriant to the eyes of tired travellers than sober reality warrants, seems to preserve the general aspect of barrenness. The great Columbia rolls a volume of sand and gravel through shattered mountains of volcanic rock; its waters are said to "have no fertilizing qualities, but to deteriorate and exhaust the land which they overflow." South of this river, and far beyond what is, or was recently, the Mexican frontier, the face of the continent appears to exhibit a labyrinth of sierras and sandy or snowy deserts; including vast basins without an outlet for their waters; a configuration like that of the surface of the moon seen through a telescope. Captain Fremont's narrative of his desperate winter-march from the Columbia to the Bay of San Francisco, reads like that of a nightmare journey in a dream. But a very great part of this region is still unexplored. There are few things in recent travel more spirit-stirring than the same traveller's account of his arrival on the banks of the Great Salt Lake of the Eutaws, the Caspian of America, the subject of endless superstitious fables, both Spanish and English, but on which boat had never been launched before;—"He was the first that ever burst into that silent sea."\*

But there is little reason to suppose that these mysterious recesses conceal anything more attractive than what is already known and visited by explorers. It is true that the shores of the Pacific, from the Columbia to the San Francisco, contain here and there magnificent tracts; regions which invite the wanderer from the East, over thousands of leagues, to bask under a softer climate, amidst a grander vegetation than even his own mother country can furnish. Nevertheless, we still retain the doubts expressed in a former number, upon the settlement of the Oregon question, whether emigration *en masse* will be directed to that quarter from the eastward for a very long period to come, even should the Americans acquire California, as by this time they possibly have done. We read much of the colonization of Oregon in their newspapers; nevertheless, it seems that most of the few settlers as yet established in that quarter, are not regular farmers, but hunters and trappers, who have tired for a while of their wandering life, and taken up the axe and the spade with the usual readiness of their countrymen; but who are pretty sure to quit them again, so soon as the fit of civilization passes off. The caravans of emigrants which have reached it, have in many instances gone through extremities of privation and suffering. Miseries, such as Indian tribes flying from starvation out of their dispeopled hunting-grounds, or African clans from the *razzias* of civilized con-

\* In 1842, "of the articles of flour, pork, bacon, lard, beef, whiskey, corn, and wheat, New Orleans exported to the value of 4,446,989 dollars; Cleveland, 4,431,799." "If we suppose," adds Mr. Scott, "what cannot but be true, that all the other ports of the upper lakes sent eastward as much as Cleveland, we have the startling fact, that this lake country, but yesterday brought under our notice, already sends abroad more than twice the amount of human food that is shipped from the great exporting city of New Orleans, the once vaunted sole outlet of the Mississippi valley."

\* Captain Fremont, quoted by Mr. Macgregor, vol. i., 577 and 624.

querors, have rarely endured, are voluntarily borne by wandering colonies of Anglo-Americans in the mere spirit of adventure. It is not long since a party of five women and two men arrived at an outpost in California; they were the survivors of sixteen, and had lived for weeks on the bodies of their dead companions. The party had been sent forward for assistance by a band of emigrants who had been surprised, with their families and cattle, by the snow in the Sierra, under which, no doubt, they lie buried. Our astonishment at the extraordinary energy, and no less extraordinary restlessness of character, by which these obstacles are overcome, may be taken as a measure of the enormous impediments which they offer to the advantageous extension of American empire to the Pacific.

The wide region west of the Mississippi will therefore present, in the course of years, the aspect of an immense pastoral country, resembling Australia and the states of La Plata in modern times. Such, at least, must be its general character, though diversified by the cultivated valleys of its great rivers. Among the many varieties of industry to which the versatility of American genius has been applied, the rearing of stock has hitherto been the least favorite. It is not a national pursuit. It is now chiefly confined to the unfavorable climate of New England and New York; and is perhaps the least forward branch of agriculture throughout the states. Although population has begun to spread over the prairies for the last twenty years, scarcely a beginning appears to have been made in the art of turning them to that purpose which they are so peculiarly calculated to serve. But the time must arrive when these plains shall become the greatest sheep and cattle farms of the world—swarming with domesticated animals, as they once swarmed with wild, before the hunters of the east had made a solitude of them, and introduced that interregnum of desolation which now prevails. The Indians, indeed, must first have disappeared, or be in some way reclaimed from their predatory habits; but the former catastrophe seems fast approaching. The addition of this new component part to the existing members of the great republic may give rise to some curious political speculations. It should seem that this species of industry cannot be carried on—at least, it never has been—except by large proprietors of flocks and herds; and the pastoral form of society has ever partaken of the patriarchal. Even in the wild republics of South America, the free Guacho lives in a sort of clanish dependence on the great proprietors. Nothing can be conceived more contrary to the habits and feelings of the Anglo-American race; and, should the present form of the republic last so long, it will be curious to see how a polity, whose extreme elasticity already enables it to comprehend the traders and manufacturers of the east, the farmers of the north-west, and the sugar and cotton planters of the south, within the same voluntary association, will be affected by the introduction of an element so new,

and so unlike anything at present included in its dominion.

But the great federation has withstood trials quite as severe. While the combination of surrounding political circumstances seems to indicate that it is only on the threshold of its momentous destiny, there is a force and profusion of life in all its functions which bespeaks it equal to the occasion. Without apparent root in the soil, without any hold on traditional observance, such as ancient monarchies possess; without that strength in its executive, by which newer political bodies usually seek to supply their want of moral power; it has already withstood tempest after tempest, and outlived successive prophets of ruin. A mere handful of provinces, casually united in resistance to England, and on the point of falling to pieces when the necessity of resistance ceased, it acquired at that critical moment a new constitution, which knit the disjointed members firmly together. A second war, undertaken against the will of one third of its component states, appeared to threaten it afresh with dissolution; it ended in strengthening the Union, through a new infusion of national spirit, and by rousing a common sentiment, which absorbed sectional jealousies and passions. Next came the consummation of the victory obtained by the democratic party in their long struggle with the federalists—a victory which seemed to threaten with speedy destruction the bond which it had been the principle of the latter to vindicate and maintain. But Providence overruled this danger also to a contrary issue; for the state authorities, which could not long have endured the stricter yoke intended by the federalists, submitted easily to the modified control which the disciples of Jefferson vested in the central government. The nation overflowed across the bounding Alleghanies, and spread over the wide valley of the Mississippi, and it was pronounced by friends, as well as enemies, that the extension of empire would inevitably lead to disruption. Contrary to all anticipation, this very extension has preserved the unity of the republic. The growing separation of north and south, divided in interest, and hostile in feeling, was prevented from coming into direct collision by the introduction of the new western states. This third and powerful element kept the others together in compulsory harmony; and, in the same manner, every subsequent addition has tended to strengthen the fabric rather than to bring it down. The wider the dominion of the federation spreads, the greater the number of local interests and populations comprehended within its boundary, the less appears to be the probability that any particular local interest can threaten the general weal—that dissensions between particular sections are destined to endanger the security of the Union. It has withstood the shocks of commercial distress, and the extravagance of commercial prosperity; it has not been enfeebled by the impulse given to party spirit under a long and idle peace; it seems to encounter no material danger from the questionable successes of a war of inva-

sion and of conquest; for wars waged, like those of the Carthaginians, by hired armies and jealously-controlled generals, are not very likely to produce a Caesar or Napoleon. As far as human sagacity can foresee, the clouds, which enveloped the birth of the confederacy, have cleared away. There is no peculiar political danger now impending, which has not been incurred and surmounted already, and of which American statesmen cannot estimate the amount, and may not be expected to guard against the shock. Yet the changeable aspect of the times fills the mind of the calmest observer with misgivings; and, while he gazes with admiration and awe on the portentous fabric of American greatness, he shrinks from founding any confident speculations on its permanence. There is a secret enemy within, who noiselessly saps the strongest institutions. If the North American republic should fall to pieces in our day—and we believe that every friend to human happiness must now wish the catastrophe averted—it will probably be neither from conquest nor defeat, external prosperity nor adversity, but from moral weakness at home. The corruption of the administrative departments of a government is one of that class of evils which are submissively endured for many years, until they appear to have become a part of the very constitution of society; but against which, sooner or later, public indignation suddenly rises, shattering to pieces the whole edifice in its impatience of the rotten material. It is not for strangers to estimate the real amount and pressure of danger of this description on the institutions of a foreign country. They can but compare and balance the statements of native observers; and, in doing so, they are bound to make great allowances for the exaggerations both of honest patriots and disappointed partisans. Nor would we willingly give vent to the gloomy anticipations which must inevitably arise, were we to adopt too literally the descriptions given by Americans themselves, of the recent workings of some of the most important parts of their system. For the day which shall see that vast dominion parcelled out between independent and jarring states, imitating, with ampler means and fiercer resolution, the mutual hatred of the wretched republics of Spanish descent—however that day may be invoked by oppressed neighbors and by political enemies—will retard, for generations to follow, the progress of America, which is the progress of the human race in its widest and freest field of action.

From the Quarterly Review.

*The Life of Mrs. Godolphin.* By John Evelyn, of Wootton, Esq. Now first published; and edited by Samuel, Lord Bishop of Oxford, Chancellor of the Most Noble Order of the Garter. London. 1847.

AMONG the many literary disinterments of our time, few excited more interest than that of John Evelyn's Autobiographical Memoirs in 1818; but the edition of 1827 was burthened with a bulky appendix of heavy correspondence; and its five

8vo. volumes overwhelmed, we presume, curiosity and the market. The monthly "libraries" of three or four of our principal booksellers are at present running a keen race—and to one or other of them that admits of reprints, we beg leave to suggest an Evelyn, the body here and there abridged, and the long tail wholly dispensed with. Perhaps, indeed, it might be well to strike out a very considerable part of the Diary kept during his travels—a few specimens illustrating the formation and development of his scientific, antiquarian, and artistical propensities, might, we think, be sufficient in a popular reprint; the grand and lasting charm is in the passages that bring out the moral and religious character of Mr. Evelyn, and place before us the state of opinion, feeling, and manners among the exiled cavaliers of the protectorate, and in various classes of English society, especially the very highest, from the Restoration in 1660 to the beginning of the reign of Anne.

It is to Evelyn that we owe a large proportion of our safest materials for a fair estimate of the personal character both of Charles II. and his unhappy brother. Without his evidence we should be comparatively in the dark as to the most curious and important (though by no means the most dignified) chapter in our history, the revolution of 1688—more especially the personal parts of King James' Goneril and Regan—for there was no Cordelia of his blood, though he found one in the innocent and devoted young wife of his elder days, Mary of Modena.\* The ingratitude with which Clarendon had been treated, might be suspected of tinging his pictures of the court that outraged and at last expelled its guardian sage and genius. Pepys, though we would not for the world lose him, and though we are very far from classing him as in the main among the low moralities of his day, was certainly a man of an essentially vulgar and coarse stamp†—and the selection of his topics, and the tone very often of his remarks, could not but suggest great hesitation as to accepting him for the critic of kings and princes who, with all their melancholy defects, were eminently gentlemen in bearing. The other memoirs and private letters of the Restoration, as far as yet revealed to us, would have still left our notion of things very incomplete, but for the fortunate discovery of the MSS. at Wootton: and though the writer says comparatively little of William of Orange, even as to that dark character every future historian will confess the worth of sundry brief and picturesque entries in Evelyn's Journal.

\* We may take this opportunity of expressing our thanks to Miss Agnes Strickland for the tenth volume of her "Lives of the Queens of England," and especially for her Memoir of Mary of Modena. In this instance Miss Strickland has made a very judicious use of many authentic MS. authorities not previously collected—and the result is a most interesting addition to our biographical library.

† It is said by those acquainted with the Cambridge Collections, that the noble editor of Pepys took care to expunge much that would have been unfit for the female eye. Lord Braybrooke's good sense and taste are well known—but enough is printed to countenance the reports current as to the original MS.



As to the ladies his touch is invaluable. It is he that drew Lucy Waters in three words, "a bold, brown, beautiful woman." It is he that gives us the *installation* of Mademoiselle de Querouaille, at Euston—"in undress almost all the day, and much fondness and toying with that young wanton;" the party having been made at the country-seat of the lord chamberlain, Arlington—"several lords and ladies lodging in the house" for the noble occasion—and Evelyn himself apparently the only guest that was not invited to see "the stocking flung after the manner of a married bride." But not to dwell too long in the tents of sin, it is he who has preserved the express "form and image" of "good Queen Mary" in the first moment of her queenship—

"I saw the new *Queene* and *King* proclaim'd the very next day after her coming to Whitehall, Wednesday 13 Feb. [1689.] with greates acclamation and generall good reception. Bonfires, bells, guns, &c. It was believ'd that both, especially the Princess, would have shew'd some seeming reluctance at least, of assuming her father's Crown, and made some apology, testifying her regret that he should by his mismanagement necessitate the Nation to so extraordinary a proceeding, wch would have shew'd very handsomely to the world, and according to the character given of her piety; consonant also to her husband's first declaration, that there was no intention of deposing the King, but of succouring the Nation. But nothing of all this appear'd; she came into White-hall *laughing and jolly, as to a wedding*, so as to seem quite transported. She rose early the next morning, and in her undresse, as it was reported, before her women were up, *went about from roome to roome to see the convenience of White-hall*; lay in the same bed and apartment where the late *Queene* lay, and within a night or two sate down to play at basset, as the *Queene* her predecessor used to do. She smil'd upon and talk'd to every body, so that no change seem'd to have taken place at Court since her last going away, save that infinite crouds of people throng'd to see her, and that she went to our prayers. This carriage was censur'd by many. *She seems to be of a good nature, and that she takes nothing to heart*; whilst the Prince her husband has a thoughtful countenance, is wonderfull serious and silent, and seems to treat all persons alike gravely, and to be very intent on affaires."—*Evelyn Memoirs*, iii., 271, 272.

As might be expected in a man of such pure tastes and habits, many of Evelyn's own most intimate friendships were with women. He was fortunate enough in an early visit at Paris to secure the affections of the daughter of Sir Richard Browne, ambassador of Charles I., and who continued to hold the same office after the death of his revered master. In due time Evelyn married the object of his attachment, and their union, prolonged over more than forty years, was as happy as lasting. His friends, especially his female friends, were also his wife's—and amidst the very peculiar circumstances of upper society under Charles II. it may easily be supposed that many a fair young creature, bereft of the efficient guardianship of relations, found advice and support at

Says Court, where virtue and piety presided over all the arrangements of an elegant, but never ostentatious establishment. Of such guests as these numerous notices occur in the good gentleman's Diary—none, however, is recorded with such tenderness as Margaret Blagge, afterwards Mrs. Godolphin. Few readers of his diary but must have preserved some recollection of that name;—certainly when at its close we reached the catalogue of separate tracts *designed* by Evelyn, no line of the page excited more regret than "*Item—A Life of Mrs. Godolphin.*" No such MS. had been discovered among the papers of the Evelyns of Wootton. We, like them, concluded that the meditated tract had never been composed. It was, however, extant, and in safe hands—at least in a safe repository; for we infer that the noble descendants of Evelyn, through a female line, were not themselves aware, until lately, that the MS. of the Life of Margaret Godolphin had been their part of his succession, and was reposing in a quiet corner of the library at Nuneham. Upon the death of the last Earl Harcourt, that fair seat, the beauties of which are familiar to every Oxonian memory, fell into the possession of his cousin, the Honorable Edward Vernon, Archbishop of York—who then added the name of Harcourt to his own;—and his grace appears some few years ago to have made the welcome discovery of the Evelyn legacy. When Dr. Wilberforce, soon after his appointment to the see of Oxford, paid his first visit at Nuneham, the archbishop indulged him with the perusal of the MS., and, as we have heard, expressed regret that he could not himself, at his advanced age, undertake to superintend the publication of his *great-great-grandfather* John Evelyn's long missing tract. This young bishop willingly offered to do for his venerable friend. He has now done so—and in such a manner as must entirely satisfy the owner of the precious MS. The narrative is printed as nearly according to the autograph as could be fairly desired—a few puzzling spellings have been corrected, but the style remains entirely undisturbed;—the arrangements of the page and even the form of the letter recall, though not with any elaborate nicety of imitation, the typography of a century and a half ago:—his lordship has supplied a very judicious preface—and such genealogical tables and notes as seemed requisite were added, at his request, by one whose varied stores of learning are ever at the command of friend or stranger—Mr. Holmes, of the British Museum; and all this care was well due. Mrs. Godolphin deserved to have an Evelyn for her biographer; and the graces of his own mind and temper have nowhere revealed themselves more delightfully than in this memorial of her.

Her father, Colonel Thomas Blagge, or Blague, of Horningsheath, in Suffolk, appears, from Mr. Holmes' table, to have represented a family of ancient gentility and considerable possessions. His great-great-grandfather was a baron of the exchequer in 1511; his great-grandfather, the Sir

sion and of conquest; for wars waged, like those of the Carthaginians, by hired armies and jealously-controlled generals, are not very likely to produce a Caesar or Napoleon. As far as human sagacity can foresee, the clouds, which enveloped the birth of the confederacy, have cleared away. There is no peculiar political danger now impending, which has not been incurred and surmounted already, and of which American statesmen cannot estimate the amount, and may not be expected to guard against the shock. Yet the changeful aspect of the times fills the mind of the calmest observer with misgivings; and, while he gazes with admiration and awe on the portentous fabric of American greatness, he shrinks from founding any confident speculations on its permanence. There is a secret enemy within, who noiselessly saps the strongest institutions. If the North American republic should fall to pieces in our day—and we believe that every friend to human happiness must now wish the catastrophe averted—it will probably be neither from conquest nor defeat, external prosperity nor adversity, but from moral weakness at home. The corruption of the administrative departments of a government is one of that class of evils which are submissively endured for many years, until they appear to have become a part of the very constitution of society; but against which, sooner or later, public indignation suddenly rises, shattering to pieces the whole edifice in its impatience of the rotten material. It is not for strangers to estimate the real amount and pressure of danger of this description on the institutions of a foreign country. They can but compare and balance the statements of native observers; and, in doing so, they are bound to make great allowances for the exaggerations both of honest patriots and disappointed partisans. Nor would we willingly give vent to the gloomy anticipations which must inevitably arise, were we to adopt too literally the descriptions given by Americans themselves, of the recent workings of some of the most important parts of their system. For the day which shall see that vast dominion parcelled out between independent and jarring states, imitating, with ampler means and fiercer resolution, the mutual hatred of the wretched republics of Spanish descent—however that day may be invoked by oppressed neighbors and by political enemies—will retard, for generations to follow, the progress of America, which is the progress of the human race in its widest and freest field of action.

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*The Life of Mrs. Godolphin.* By John Evelyn, of Wootton, Esq. Now first published; and edited by Samuel, Lord Bishop of Oxford, Chancellor of the Most Noble Order of the Garter. London. 1847.

AMONG the many literary disinterments of our time, few excited more interest than that of John Evelyn's Autobiographical Memoirs in 1818; but the edition of 1827 was burthened with a bulky appendix of heavy correspondence; and its five

8vo. volumes overwhelmed, we presume, curiosity and the market. The monthly "libraries" of three or four of our principal booksellers are at present running a keen race—and to one or other of them that admits of reprints, we beg leave to suggest an Evelyn, the body here and there abridged, and the long tail wholly dispensed with. Perhaps, indeed, it might be well to strike out a very considerable part of the Diary kept during his travels—a few specimens illustrating the formation and development of his scientific, antiquarian, and artistical propensities, might, we think, be sufficient in a popular reprint; the grand and lasting charm is in the passages that bring out the moral and religious character of Mr. Evelyn, and place before us the state of opinion, feeling, and manners among the exiled cavaliers of the protectorate, and in various classes of English society, especially the very highest, from the Restoration in 1660 to the beginning of the reign of Anne.

It is to Evelyn that we owe a large proportion of our safest materials for a fair estimate of the personal character both of Charles II. and his unhappy brother. Without his evidence we should be comparatively in the dark as to the most curious and important (though by no means the most dignified) chapter in our history, the revolution of 1688—more especially the personal parts of King James' Goneril and Regan—for there was no Cordelia of his blood, though he found one in the innocent and devoted young wife of his elder days, Mary of Modena.\* The ingratitude with which Clarendon had been treated, might be suspected of tinging his pictures of the court that outraged and at last expelled its guardian sage and genius. Pepys, though we would not for the world lose him, and though we are very far from classing him as in the main among the low moralities of his day, was certainly a man of an essentially vulgar and coarse stamp†—and the selection of his topics, and the tone very often of his remarks, could not but suggest great hesitation as to accepting him for the critic of kings and princes who, with all their melancholy defects, were eminently gentlemen in bearing. The other memoirs and private letters of the Restoration, as far as yet revealed to us, would have still left our notion of things very incomplete, but for the fortunate discovery of the MSS. at Wootton: and though the writer says comparatively little of William of Orange, even as to that dark character every future historian will confess the worth of sundry brief and picturesque entries in Evelyn's Journal.

\* We may take this opportunity of expressing our thanks to Miss Agnes Strickland for the tenth volume of her "Lives of the Queens of England," and especially for her Memoir of Mary of Modena. In this instance Miss Strickland has made a very judicious use of many authentic MS. authorities not previously collected—and the result is a most interesting addition to our biographical library.

† It is said by those acquainted with the Cambridge Collections, that the noble editor of Pepys took care to expunge much that would have been unfit for the female eye. Lord Braybrooke's good sense and taste are well known—but enough is printed to countenance the reports current as to the original MS.

As to the ladies his touch is invaluable. It is he that drew Lucy Waters in three words, "a bold, brown, beautiful woman." It is he that gives us the *installation* of Mademoiselle de Querouaille, at Euston—"in undress almost all the day, and much fondness and toying with that young wanton;" the party having been made at the country-seat of the lord chamberlain, Arlington—"several lords and ladies lodging in the house" for the noble occasion—and Evelyn himself apparently the only guest that was not invited to see "the stocking flung after the manner of a married bride." But not to dwell too long in the tents of sin, it is he who has preserved the express "form and image" of "good Queen Mary" in the first moment of her queenship—

"I saw the *new Queene* and *King* proclaim'd the very next day after her coming to Whitehall, Wednesday 13 Feb. [1689,] with greate acclamation and generall good reception. Bonfires, bells, guns, &c. It was believ'd that both, especially the Princesses, would have shew'd some seeming reluctance at least, of assuming her father's Crown, and made some apology, testifying her regret that he should by his mismanagement necessitate the Nation to so extraordinary a proceeding, w<sup>ch</sup> would have shew'd very handsomely to the world, and according to the character given of her piety; consonant also to her husband's first declaration, that there was no intention of deposing the King, but of succouring the Nation. But nothing of all this appear'd; she came into White-hall *laughing and jolly, as to a wedding*, so as to seem quite transported. She rose early the next morning, and in her undresse, as it was reported, before her women were up, *went about from roome to roome to see the convenience of White-hall*; lay in the same bed and apartment where the late Queene lay, and within a night or two sate down to play at basset, as the Queene her predecessor used to do. She smil'd upon and talk'd to every body, so that no change seem'd to have taken place at Court since her last going away, save that infinite crouds of people throng'd to see her, and that she went to our prayers. This carriage was censur'd by many. *She seems to be of a good nature, and that she takes nothing to heart*; whilst the Prince her husband has a thoughtful countenance, is wonderfull serious and silent, and seems to treat all persons alike gravely, and to be very intent on affaires."—*Evelyn Memoirs*, iii., 271, 272.

As might be expected in a man of such pure tastes and habits, many of Evelyn's own most intimate friendships were with women. He was fortunate enough in an early visit at Paris to secure the affections of the daughter of Sir Richard Browne, ambassador of Charles I., and who continued to hold the same office after the death of his revered master. In due time Evelyn married the object of his attachment, and their union, prolonged over more than forty years, was as happy as lasting. His friends, especially his female friends, were also his wife's—and amidst the very peculiar circumstances of upper society under Charles II. it may easily be supposed that many a fair young creature, bereft of the efficient guardianship of relations, found advice and support at

Says Court, where virtue and piety presided over all the arrangements of an elegant, but never ostentatious establishment. Of such guests as these numerous notices occur in the good gentleman's Diary—none, however, is recorded with such tenderness as Margaret Blagge, afterwards Mrs. Godolphin. Few readers of his diary but must have preserved some recollection of that name;—certainly when at its close we reached the catalogue of separate tracts *designed* by Evelyn, no line of the page excited more regret than "*Item—A Life of Mrs. Godolphin.*" No such MS. had been discovered among the papers of the Evelyns of Wootton. We, like them, concluded that the meditated tract had never been composed. It was, however, extant, and in safe hands—at least in a safe repository; for we infer that the noble descendants of Evelyn, through a female line, were not themselves aware, until lately, that the MS. of the Life of Margaret Godolphin had been their part of his succession, and was reposing in a quiet corner of the library at Nuneham. Upon the death of the last Earl Harcourt, that fair seat, the beauties of which are familiar to every Oxonian memory, fell into the possession of his cousin, the Honorable Edward Vernon, Archbishop of York—who then added the name of Harcourt to his own;—and his grace appears some few years ago to have made the welcome discovery of the Evelyn legacy. When Dr. Wilberforce, soon after his appointment to the see of Oxford, paid his first visit at Nuneham, the archbishop indulged him with the perusal of the MS., and, as we have heard, expressed regret that he could not himself, at his advanced age, undertake to superintend the publication of his *great-great-grandfather* John Evelyn's long missing tract. This the young bishop willingly offered to do for his venerable friend. He has now done so—and in such a manner as must entirely satisfy the owner of the precious MS. The narrative is printed as nearly according to the autograph as could be fairly desired—a few puzzling spellings have been corrected, but the style remains entirely undisturbed;—the arrangements of the page and even the form of the letter recall, though not with any elaborate nicety of imitation, the typography of a century and a half ago:—his lordship has supplied a very judicious preface—and such genealogical tables and notes as seemed requisite were added, at his request, by one whose varied stores of learning are ever at the command of friend or stranger—Mr. Holmes, of the British Museum; and all this care was well due. Mrs. Godolphin deserved to have an Evelyn for her biographer; and the graces of his own mind and temper have nowhere revealed themselves more delightfully than in this memorial of her.

Her father, Colonel Thomas Blagge, or Blague, of Horningsheath, in Suffolk, appears, from Mr. Holmes' table, to have represented a family of ancient gentility and considerable possessions. His great-great-grandfather was a baron of the exchequer in 1511; his great-grandfather, the Sir



George Blagge whom Wyat records as the wittiest of his friends, and to whom Surrey inscribes his version of the 73d Psalm:—

“The sudden storms that heave me to and fro,  
Had well nigh pierced Faith, my guiding sail.  
This bred despair; whereof such doubts did grow,  
That I gan faint and all my courage fail.  
But now, my Blage, mine error well I see;  
Such goodly light King David giveth me.”

He distinguished himself, in company with Surrey, at the siege of Landreci, in 1543, under the immediate eye of Charles V. In 1546 he was cast into the tower as “a favorer of the gospel,” was condemned to be burnt at Smithfield, and escaped that fate, according to Fox, solely through the personal interposition of Henry VIII., who took pleasure in his society, and used to call him in fondness his *pig*—from which we may infer that the witty and gallant Protestant had either a plump person or small eyes, or both. He was knighted by Somerset on the field of Musselburgh, 1547, and appears among the witnesses against the Lord Admiral Seymour in 1548. The only writing of his that has been preserved, is a bitter satire on the death of Wriothesley, Earl of Southampton, under whose auspices, while chancellor, he had so nearly won the crown of martyrdom. It is probable that some connection with the court had been kept up during the two next generations. Thomas Blagge was groom of the bedchamber to Charles I., and governor of Wallingford when it surrendered to Fairfax in 1646. He was with Charles II. at Worcester, and escaped from that field in company with the Duke of Buckingham. On the Restoration he obtained the colonelcy of a regiment and the governorship of Yarmouth, but died soon after, November, 1660; leaving no son, but four daughters, two of them celebrated in their own time—though not on precisely similar grounds.

The eldest, Henrietta, who ultimately married Sir Thomas Yarborough, figures as maid of honor to the Duchess of York, (Anna Hyde,) and as heroine of sundry questionable adventures, in the *Memoirs of the Chevalier de Grammont*. We have no great faith in the evidence of Count Anthony Hamilton's book on any matter of scandal; but considering the frequent notices of Margaret Blagge in the *Wootton Diary*, and that both sisters were attached to the court of Whitehall at the same time, the total absence of allusion to the existence of Henrietta in Evelyn's writings must be considered as a suspicious circumstance. Hamilton derides her appearance, but we fear she was “fairer than honest.” The earlier editions of *Grammont* have confounded the two sisters not to the advantage of the younger; but they are properly distinguished in the notes of Sir Walter Scott.\*

\* Scott's notes on *Grammont* are reprinted in one of the extra volumes of “*Bohn's Library*” (1846)—one of the very best of these monthly serials—the selection excellent, the books handsome, and the price wonderfully low. The collection includes already all the masterpieces of Schiller, Sismondi's *Italian Republics*, Roscoe's *Leo X.*

Margaret was born in 1652, so that she was but in her eighth year when she lost her father. Two or three years before the colonel's death she had been carried to Paris by Mary Villiers, Duchess of Richmond, sister to her father's old companion in arms, George, Duke of Buckingham, who there committed her to the care of her cousin, Elizabeth Fielding, Countess of Guilford, under whose roof she remained till the Restoration—when they returned together to England. Lady Guilford seems to have conceived a warm affection for the child; but, indeed, from Evelyn's diary and from this book we must form a most pleasing notion of the English nobility during their exile in one important particular, their tender and generous concern for those of their party that shared in the misfortunes of loyalty, and were not so well provided with pecuniary resources. Colonel Blagge had been fined and impoverished. This foreign home therefore was very acceptable—but it had not proved free from danger. Lady Guilford was one of those who yielded to the seductions of the exiled queen and her French friends, and adopted at Paris the religion of the country; and she soon exhibited the zeal of an apostate, and spared no pains to pervert also the child intrusted to her keeping. But little Margaret Blagge withstood all these efforts with unshaken firmness. “Being frequently tempted,” says Evelyn, “by that bigott proselitess, to go to mass and be a papist, our young saint would not only not be persuaded to it, but asserted her better faith with such readiness and constancy, as (according to the argument of that keen religion) caused her to be rudely treated and menaced by the countess: soe as she was become a Confessor and almost a Martyr before she was seven years old.” (p. 8.) Whether there was any friendship subsequently between Lady Guilford and her refractory inmate, does not appear. We see that she lived during all her years of adolescence in great intimacy with many of the Villiers connection; and we need not add that their society implied other dangers besides that of Popish proselytism; but whatever the dangers were, Margaret escaped them all alike.

Her mother was a daughter of Sir Roger North, and seems to have possessed the strong sense which has usually been combined in that race with so many charms of wit and grace; she must also have been very handsome, for Evelyn, who never saw her, tells us, that according to all reports she greatly resembled his friend Margaret. Being left in slender circumstances, to educate four daughters in a way suitable to their birth cost her a hard struggle. She appears to have done her duty in that, as in all other respects, so as to acquire universal esteem and sympathy; and on her too early death, three of the girls were invited up from Suffolk to reside at court. Of Henrietta we shall say no more. Of Mary Blagge little but the name is preserved—she probably died early

and Lorenzo, Lanzi's *History of Painting*, Beckman's *History of Inventions*, and various other works of permanent value.

and unmarried. Margaret was the youngest, not only of the three maids of honor, but of all her father's family.

She was only twelve years of age when (1664) she joined the household of the Duchess of York at St. James' Palace, which from the Restoration to his brother's death was the town residence of the duke. It was not till some time after the death of the duchess that her intimacy with Evelyn began—so that of her earlier experiences in court life his narrative is brief. In examining her papers, however, by her husband's desire, after her untimely death, he found a few *memoranda* of that period, and we shall not separate them from his touching introduction:—

“This was indeed a surprizing change of Aire, and a perilous Climate for one soe very young as she, and scarcely yett attained to the twelvth year of her age: butt by how much more the danger, soe much greater the virtue and discretion which not only preserved her steady in that giddy Station, but soe improv'd, that the example of this little Saint influenced not onely her honourable companions, butt some who were advanc'd in yeares before her, and of the most illustrious quality. What! shall I say, she like a young Apostless began to plant Religion in that barren Soyle? Arethusa pass'd thro' all those turbulent waters without soe much as the least staine or tincture in her Christall. With her piety grew vp her Witt, which was soe sparkling, accompanied with a Judgment and Eloquence soe extorndary, a Beauty and Ayre soe charmeing and lovely, in a word, an Address soe universally takeing, that after few yeares, the Court never saw or had seen such a Constellation of perfections amongst all their splendid Circles. Nor did this, nor the admiration it created, the Elogies she every day received, and application of the greatest persons, at all elate her; she was still the same, allwayes in perfect good humour, allwayes humble, allwayes Religious to exactness. It rendred her not a whit moross, tho' sometimes more serious, casting still about how she might continue the houres of publique and private devotion and other exercises of piety, to comply with her duty and attendance on her Royall Mistress without singularity or Reproache.

“Thus pass'd she her tyme in that Court till the Dutchess dyed, dureing whose Sicknes, accompanied (as it was) with many vncomfortable circumstances, she waited and attended with an extorndary sedulity, and as she has sometimes told me, when few of the rest were able to endure the fatigue: and therefore here, before I proceed, I cannot butt take notice of those holy reflections she made vpon this occasion, as I find them amongst other loose papers vnder her owne faire hand, when compareing her dear Mother's sickness and other friends' departure with that of the Dutchess, thus she writes:—

“Mrs. N. dead—was an example of patience vnder a burthen that was well nigh vsupportable; often she received the blessed Sacrament, often she prayed and was very much resign'd, not surprized nor in confusion, but perceiueing her sight decay, calling vpon God after many holy and pious discourses and exhortations, she calmly bidd her friends farewell.—A poore woman dead—worne to skyn and bones with a consumption, she made noe Complaints, but trusted in God, and that what he

thought fitt was best, and to him resign'd her soule.—A poore creature that had been a great sinner, died in miserable paines, in exceeding terror; God was gracious to her, she was patient, very devout:—she was released in prayer.—My mother dead—at first surprized, and very unwilling; she was afterwards resign'd, received often, prayed much, had holy things read to her, delighted in heavenly discourse, desired to be dissolv'd and be with Christ, ended her life chearfully and without paine;—left her family in order and was much lamented.—The D - dead—a princess honoured in power—had much witt, much mony, much esteeme; she was full of vnspeakable tortur, and died (poore creature) in doubt of her Religion, without the Sacrament, or divine by her, like a poore wretch; none remembered her after one weeke, none sorry for her; she was tost and flung about, and every one did what they would with that stately carcase. What is this world, what is greatness, what to be esteemed, or thought a witt? Wee shall all be stript without sence or remembrance. But God, if wee serve him in our health, will give vs patience in our Sicknes.

“I repeate the instances as sett downe in her diarye, to shew how early she made these vsefull and pious Recollections, for she must needs be then very young, and att an age att least when very few of her sex, and in her circumstances, much concerne themselves with these mortifyeing reflections. Butt, as I have often heard her say, she loved to be att funeralls, and in the house of mourning, soe being of the most compassionate nature in the world, she was a constant visiter of the sick and of people in distress.”—*Life of Mrs. Godolphin*, pp. 9—14.

Queen Catharine, on her sister-in-law's death, (1671.) took Mrs. Margaret Blagge into her own establishment; and Evelyn, being a great friend of Mrs. Howard, another of her majesty's maids of honor, had thenceforth frequent opportunities of seeing Margaret; but several years more were to elapse before their acquaintance ripened into friendship. He confesses that for a considerable time he regarded the innocent young creature with a prejudice and suspicion that puzzled Mrs. Howard. When that lady invited him to her apartments, “I would,” he says, “object that there was a Witt with her whom I feared, and that I was the most unfitt person in the world for the entertainments of the Ante-Chamber and the little Spiritts that dwell in Fairy Land.”

The narrative is addressed by Evelyn to a sister of the Mrs. Howard here alluded to, namely, the Lady Sylvius, wife of the Dutch minister, Sir Gabriel Sylvius, who, Charles II. said, had nothing Roman about him but his name; but who was a worthy man, extremely happy as the elderly husband of a young and handsome lady of the highest English blood. Sir Gabriel had a villa in Kent, near Evelyn's at Says Court. Lady Sylvius, after her marriage, lived in constant familiarity with Mr. and Mrs. Evelyn, and Margaret Blagge paying her a visit in the country, accompanied her to the parish church—where we need hardly say there was in those times daily service morning and evening—and then naturally when she dined with a neighbor. Evelyn now saw Margaret apart from

the show and glitter of Whitehall—by degrees he began to converse with her, and found to his surprise, that though a wit, she was not to be feared, and that good little spirits may dwell in fairy land.

"It is not to be discribed with what Grace, ready and solid vnderstanding, she would discourse. Nothing that she conceived could be better expressed, and when she was sometyes provok'd to Railly, there was nothing in the world soe pleasant, and inoffensively diverting, (shall I say,) or instructive; for she ever mingl'd her freest entertainments with something which tended to serious.

"This Creature (would I say to my selfe) loves God; 'tis a thousand pities butt she should persist; what a new thing is this, I think Paulina and Eustochius are come from Bethlehem to Whitehall; and from this moment I began to looke vpon her as sacred, and to bless God for the graces which shone in her. I dayly prayed for her as she had enjoined me, and she began to open some of her holy thoughts to me; and I saw a flagrant devotion, and that she had totally resigned herselfe to God; and with these Incentives, who, that had any sence of Religion, could forbear to vallue her exceedingly!

"It was not long after this, that being one day to visit her, she seem'd to me more thoughtfull than ordinary. I asked her, what made her looke soe solemnly. She told me, she had never a freind in the world. Noe, said I, thats impossible; I beleive no body has more; for all that know you must love you, and those that love you are continually your freinds. Butt I, who well knew where her heart att that tyme was, asked her what she esteemed a certaine Gentleman beyond the Seas. Alas, says she, he is very ill, and that makes me very much concerned; butt I doe not speake to you of him, whome God will I hope be gracious to, butt I would have a FREIND. In that name is a great deale more than I can expresse—a faithfull freind, whome I might trust with all that I have, and God knows, that is butt little; for he whome you meane does not care to meddle with my concerns, nor would I give him the trouble. These, to my remembrance, were her very expressions to me. Madam, said I, doe you speake this to me, as if I were capable of serving you in any thing considerable! I beleive you the person in the world (replied she) who would make such a freind as I wish for, if I had meritt enough to deserve it. Madam, said I, consider well what you say, and what you doe, for it is such a trust, and soe great an obligation that you lay vpon me, as I ought to embrace with all imaginable respect, and acknowledgment for the greatest honour you could doe me; Madam, to be called your freind were the most desirable in the world, and I am sure I should endeavor to acquitt me of the duty with great chearfulness and fidelity. Pray leave your complimenting, (said she smileing,) and be my freind then, and looke vpon me henceforth as your Child. To this purpose was her obligeing replye; and there standing pen and ink vpon the table, in which I had been drawing something vpon a paper like an Alter, she writt these words: Be this the Symboill of Inviolable Freindship,—Margaret Blagge, 16th October, 1672, and vnderneath, For my brother E---; and soe delivered it to me with a smile. Well, said I, Madam, this is an high obligation, and you have already paid me for the greatest service that I can ever pretend to doe you; butt yett doe you know what you have done! Yes, sayes she, very well;

butt pray what doe you meane? Why, said I, the title that has consecrated this Alter is the Marriage of Soules, and the Golden thread that ties the hearts of all the world."

Mr. Evelyn from this time managed Margaret's pecuniary matters for her, and was as a father to her in every respect. He now, of course, received ample details of all her difficulties in her position at court; but we shall quote rather his copy of some rules which she had "prescribed for the government of her Actions when she was of duty to attend upon her Majestye in publike:"—

"My life, by God's Grace, without which I can doe nothing.

"I must, till Lent, rise att halfe an houre after eight a clock; whilst putting on morning cloathes, say the prayer for Death and the Te Deum: then presently to my prayers, and soe either dress my selfe or goe to Church prayers. In dressing, I must consider how little it signifyes to the savinge of my soule, and how foolish 'tis to be angry about a thing soe vnnecessary. Consider what our Saviour suffered.—O Lord, assist me.

"When I goe into the withdrawing roome, lett me consider what my calling is: to entertaine the Ladys, not to talke foolishly to Men, more especially the King; lett me consider, if a Traytor be hatefull, she that betrayes the soule of one is much worse;—the danger, the sin of it.—Lord, assist me.

"Att Church lett me mind in what place I am; what about to ask, even the salvation of my soule; to whome I speake—to the God that made me, redeemed and sanctified me, and can yett cutt me off when he pleases.—O Lord, assist me.

"When I goe to my Lady Falmouths, I ought to take paines with her about her Religion, or else I am not her freind; to shew example by calmness in dispute, in never speaking ill of anybody to her, butt excuseing them rather."

"Goe to the Queene allwayes att nine, and then read that place concerning the drawing roome, and lett my man waite for me to bring me word before publike prayers begin. If I find she dynes late, come downe, pray and read; and think why I read—to benefitt my soule, pass my tyme well, and improve my vnderstanding. O Lord, assist me.

"Be sure still to read that for the drawing roome in the privy chamber, or presence, or other place before prayers, and soe againe into the drawing room for an hour or soe; and then slipp to my chamber and divert my selfe in reading some pretty booke, because the Queen does not require my waiteing; after this to supper, which must not be much if I have dyned well; and att neither meale to eate above two dishes, because temperance is best both for soule and body; then goe vpp to the Queen, haveing before read, and well thought of what you have written. Amen.

"Sett not vp above halfe an hour after eleaven att most; and as you vndress, repeate that prayer againe: butt before, consider that you are perhapps goinge to sleepe your last; being in bedd repeate your hymne softly, ere you turne to sleepe.

"On Festivall evens I resolve to dyne att home, and to repeat all the psalmes I know by heart," (of which she had almost the whole psalter,) "reserving my reading or part of my prayers till night; and supp with bread and beere only.

\* This Lady Falmouth, born Bagot, was by her marriage nearly connected with the Godolphins. We presume she had adopted the court religion.



"On Frydayes and Wednesdaies I'll eat nothing till after evening prayer; and soe come downe as soone as ever the Queene has dyned, without goeing to visitt, till my owne prayers are finished.

"The same will I observe the day before I receive; vse to pray on those dayes by daylight; and early on Sundayes, and think of no diversion till after evening prayer; to dyne abroad as little as possible, but performe my constant duty to God and the Queene. Assist me, O Lord; Amen.

"Sing Psalmes now and then out of Sundayes. Endeavour to begg with teares what you aske, and O lett them be, O Lord, my onely pleasure. There are 3 Sundayes to come from this Saturday night; pray one day earnestly to God for love, and against takeing his name in vaine, pray against intemperance and sensuality; and the other day for meekeness, and against envy; another for fear and alliance, and against detraction.

"I have vowed, if it be possible, not to sett vpp past ten a clock; therefore, before you engage in company, goe downe and read this, and be as much alone as you can; and when you are abroad talke to men as little as may be; carry your prayer booke in your pockett, or anything that may decently keepe you from converseing with men."

Evelyn's reluctance to believe, while he only saw Margaret at a distance, that she really deserved the report he heard of her from Mrs. Howard and Lady Sylvius, may, perhaps, be in part accounted for by the rumors afloat concerning her elder sister, Henrietta; but, however that may have been, the feeling was no doubt intimately connected with a particular accomplishment of her own, which we have not yet noticed. This pious creature was not merely one of the fairest and most graceful of the young beauties that figured in attendance on the queen upon all occasions of reception and ceremonial—she was also distinguished by her talents both as an actress and a singer. When a masque or a play was to be performed at Whitehall by the lords and ladies of the court, the first female part was usually hers. Her capacity for filling such parts had been shown at a very early period of her residence, and when, as her mind opened, she would fain have drawn back, it was no easy matter for her to do so. It is probable that her frank innocence and humility had saved her on the threshold, and therefore in the sequel, from the miseries (which all autobiographical actresses pronounce to be indescribable) of *stage fright*. She could not but acknowledge a pleasure in doing what she knew and felt that she did well. She was commended and applauded in private and in public. The *corps dramatique* was made up of her daily companions, and they appear to have acquiesced ungrudgingly in her superiority—some of them in part, peradventure, because it was evident that she did not appreciate certain opportunities which that superiority placed at her feet. The chaperons were kind—one great lady, we read, insisted on decorating Mrs. Margaret for a particular performance with her own jewels, to the value of 20,000*l.*—answering to perhaps double the sum now-a-days. Above all, there was the will of the king—a consideration

among the royalists of the seventeenth century, such as many readers of this reformed and rail-wayed age may find some difficulty in estimating at its due weight.

On the other side, there can be no difficulty in imagining sundry very serious dissuaves—first and foremost, of course, the ever-deepening sense of religion—the ever-strengthening delight in pious meditations and exercises; but also, no doubt, that reluctance towards any appearance of courting general, however harmless, admiration, which is natural to one whose affections have been sought and won—for Margaret had been but two years at St. James' before she was in love—not much longer before she confessed her attachment to the gentleman who ultimately married her; and, finally, there is abundant evidence, a dread of the king's attention—a dread which, with all her safeguards, she felt it needful to keep alive by constant watchfulness over herself. This is another extract from her diary, penned, as Evelyn says, while some new play was in process of rehearsal:—

"Now as to pleasure, they are speaking of playes and laughing att devout people; well, I will laugh att myself for my impertinencies, that by degrees I may come to wonder why any body does like me; and divert the discourse; and talke of God and morality: avoid those people when I come to the drawing room, especially among great persons to divert them; because noe raiillery almost can be innocent: goe not to the Dutchesse of Monmouth above once a weeke, except when wee dress to rehearse, and then carry a booke along with me to read when I don't act, and soe come away before supper.

"Talke little when you are there; if they speak of any body I can't commend, hold my peace, what jest soever they make; be sure never to talk to the King; when they speak filthily, tho' I be laugh'd att, looke grave, remembering that of Micha, there will a tyme come when the Lord will bind vp his jewells."

Evelyn participated so fully in the feelings of his day and class with respect to the royal person, that we cannot expect him to enlarge on the reasons Mrs. Margaret had for shunning the king's conversation. But the first passage in which he alludes to her engagement with Sidney Godolphin sufficiently indicates what account he made of that salutary influence:—

"Every body was in love with, and some almost dyeing for her, whilst with all the Modesty and Circumspection imaginable she strove to Eclipse the luster which she gave; and would often check the vivacity which was naturall, and perfectly became her, for feare of giving occasion to those who lay in waite to deceive. Butt it was not possible here to make the least approach, butt such as was full of Honour; and the distance she observ'd, and Caution and Judgment she was mistress of, protected her from all impertinent addresses, till she had made a Choice without Reproach and worthy her Esteeme, namely, of that excellent Person who was afterwards her Husband, after a passion of no less than Nine long yeares that they both had been the most intire and faithfull lovers in the world. \* \* It was not possible I could hear of soe long an Amour, soe honorable a love and constant pas-

sion, and which I easily perceived concerned her, as looking upon herself unsettled, and one who had long since resolved not to make the Court her rest, but I must be touched with some Care for her. I would now and then kindly chide her, why she suffer'd those languishments when I knew not on whom to lay the blame. For tho' she would industriously conceal her disquiet, and divert it under the notion of the Spleene, she could not but acknowledge to me where the dart was fix'd; nor was any thing more ingenious than what she now writt me upon this Subject, by which your Ladyship will perceive, as with what peculiar confidence she was pleased to honour me, soe, with what early prudence and great piety she manag'd the passion which, of all other, young people are commonly the most precipitate in and vnadvise'd."

He then quotes a letter to himself, in which, after reminding him that "she came very young into the world," she says:—

"The first thing which tempts young weomen is vanity, and I made that my great designe. But Love soone taught me another Lesson, and I found the trouble of being tyed to the hearing of any save him; which made me resolve that either he or none should have the possession of your friend. Being thus soone sensible of Love my selfe, I was easily persuaded to keepe my selfe from giving him any cause of Jealousye, and in soe long a tyme never has there been the least. This, vnder God's providence, has been the means of preserving me from many of those misfortunes young Creatures meet with in the world, and in a Court espially. \* \* \* I find in him none of that tormenting passion to which I need sacrifice my selfe; but still, were wee dissengag'd from the world, wee should marry vnder such restraints as were fit, and by the agreeableness of our humour make each other happy. But att present there are obstructions: he must be perpetually engaged in buisness, and follow the Court, and live allwayes in the world, and soe have less tyme for the service of God, which is a sensible affliction to him; wherefore, wee are not determined to precipitate that matter, but to expect a while, and see how things will goe; having a great mind to be together, which cannot with decency be done without marrying, nor to either of our satisfactions without being free from the world. In short, serving of God is our end, and if wee cannot do that quietly together, wee will asunder. You know our Saviour sayes, that all could not receive that doctrine, but to those who could he gave noe contradiction; and if wee can butt pass our younger yeares, 'tis not likely wee should be concern'd for marrying when old. If wee could marry now, I don't see butt those inconveniencies may happen by sickness, or absence, or death. In a word, if we marry, it will be to serve God and to encourage one another daily; if wee doe not, 'tis for that end too; and wee know God will direct those who sincerely desire his love above all other Considerations. Now, should wee both resolve to continue as we are, be assur'd, I should be as little Idle as if I were a wife. I should attend to prayer and all other Christian duties, and make these my pleasures, seeing I chuse not the condition out of restraint and singularity, but to serve God the better."

About the time when Evelyn's acquaintance with her was thus growing into intimacy Mr. Sidney Godolphin was sent to join the embassy at

Paris, and the lovers had settled before he went abroad that she should remain in the queen's service till his return. That, however, was deferred longer than had been anticipated, and, in the course of 1673, Margaret resolved on deferring no longer her escape from that scene of dissipation and even to her perhaps of danger. Whether she had any immediate cause of alarm or disgust we are not told; but, at any rate, she had now been full seven years at court, and it was no wonder she thought this enough. She had by this time found a motherly friend in Mr. Godolphin's aunt—the Lady Berkeley of Stratton—and that excellent lady offered her a home at Berkeley House in May-fair.\*

It was on a Sunday evening that Margaret asked and obtained permission to retire from her court service—she had taken the opportunity of "less company than there used to be"—but Evelyn himself was of that company, and we doubt not his presence sustained her. He says:—

"Never shall I forgett the humble and becoming address she made, nor the Joy that discover'd its selfe in this Angells countenance, above any thing I had ever observed of transport in her, when she had obtained her suite; for, I must tell you, Madam, she had made some attempts before without success, which gave her much anxietie. Their Majestyes were both unwilling to part with such a Jewell: and I confess from that tyme I look'd upon White Hall with pitty, not to say Contempt. What will become, said I, of Corinthus, the City of Luxury, when the graces have abandon'd it, whose piety and example is soe highly necessary? Astraea soe left the Lower world. And, for my part, I never sett my foote in it afterwards butt as entering into a solitude, and was ready to cry out with the wife of Phineas, that its glory was departed. She tooke, I assure you, her leave of their Majestyes with soe much modesty and good a Grace, that tho' they look't as if they would have a little reproach't her for making soe much hast, they could not find in their hearts to say an vnkind word to her; butt there was for all that I am certaine something att the heart like grieve; and I leave you, Madam, to imagine how the rest of the Court mourn'd this Recess, and how dim the tapers burnt as she pass'd the anti-chamber. 'Is Mrs. Blagge going,' sayes a faire creature; 'why stay I here any longer?' others, 'that the Court had never such a Starr in all its hemisphere;' and verily, I had not observed soe vniversall a damp vpon the spiritts of every one that knew her. It was, I remember, on a Sunday night, after most of the company were departed, that I waited on her downe to her Chamber, where she was noe sooner enter'd, butt falling

\* The Stratton branch of the Berkeleys expired in 1773, when their estates went to swell those of the Earls of Berkeley. The residence of Mrs. Blagge's friend, with its gardens, occupied the space now covered by Devonshire House, Lansdowne House, Stratton street, and Berkeley Square. The grounds were bounded to the eastward by those of the Chancellor Clarendon's great and unfortunate mansion, which stood on the site of Allmarle and Old Bond streets; that palace, so often mentioned by Evelyn, was soon pulled down, but part of one wing is said to have escaped; and it is alleged that two or three stately rooms of *Clarendon House* are still extant within the *Clarendon Hotel*. It is, perhaps, more likely that the old fittings and decorations were made use of in a new erection; but at all events—*stat nominis umbra*.

on her knees, she blessed God as for a Signall deliverance: she was come out of Egypt, and now in the way to the Land of Promise. You will easily figure to your selfe how buissey the young Saint was the next morning in making vpp her little carriage to quitt her prison: and when you have fancied the Conflagration of a certaine City the Scripture speaks of, imagine this Lady trussing vpp her little fardle, like the two daughters whom the angell hastned and conducted; butt the similitude goes no further, for this holy Virgin went to Zoar, they to the cave of Folly and Intemperance; there was no danger of her lookeing back and becoming a Statue for sorrow of what she left behind. All her household stufte, besides a Bible and a bundle of Prayer bookes, was packed vpp in a very little Compass, for she lived soe far from superfluitie, that she carryed all that was valueable in her person; and tho' she had a Courtly wardrobe, she affected it not, because every thing became her that she putt on, and she became every thing that was putt vpon her. \*

\* I am the more particular as having had the honour to waite on her to Berkley House: I tell your Ladyshipp I never beheld her more orient than she appeared att this tyme, and the moment she sett foote in the Coach her eyes sparkled with Joy, and a marvelous lusture; the Roses of her Cheeks were soe fresh, and her countenance soe gay, as if with the rest of her perfections (had she not left your two Sisters there) she had carryed all the Beautyes as well as all the Virtue of the Court away with her too. Butt ah, had you seen with what effusion and open armes she entred Berkley House, and sprung into the Caresses of my Lady—in what a trice after she was led vp into her apartment she had putt all her Equipage in order, rang'd her Library, and disposed of her Compendious Inventory—you would have said there was nothing prettyer then that buissey moment. And now when she had consecrated her new Oratory with a devout Aspiration and the Incense of an humble Soule, for the blessings of this sweete Retirement, she satt downe and admired her sweet felicity."\*—*Ib.*, pp. 56-62.

After this removal to Berkeley House she seems to have very rarely appeared at Whitehall. We see, however, that at least once she yielded to the royal anxiety on the occasion of a new play—and filled a principal part in it with as much grace as she had ever displayed, and amidst even an unusual enthusiasm of admiration:—

"This excellent Creature looked on this occasion as one of her greatest afflictions, and would have devolved the share she had in this Court Magnif-

\* This is a part of a letter which she addressed soon after leaving court to two of her companions among the maids of honor, who had, it seems, asked her opinion about a sermon in the Chapel Royal:—"Dear Children, as to your dressing, I can't believe the Doctor meant there should be any neglect of that beauty God has given you, soe it be done with this Caution, first, that you designe to captivate none for any satisfaction you take in the number of Lovers or in the Noise of a larger traine of Admirers than other young women have, butt purely for an honest designe of disingaging your selves as soone as you can from the place you are in, in an honorable way; and when ever you see any young Man, who in your hearts you cannot beleive will prove that person I speak of, or any married Man, who you know cannot, with such a one St. Paul sayes you ought not to converse in the least; I meane, if it is possible to be avoided—and in this age, you know, women are not soe wonderfully solicited that have the vertue and modesty of you two. That good service the Ladys of other principles have done you, that

icence on any other Lady with a thousand acknowledgments, had their Majestyes butt excused her; butt there was no retreating; she had her part assigned her, which, as itt was the most illustrious, soe never was there any perform'd with more grace, and becoming the solemnity. She had on her that day near twenty thousand pounds value of Jewells, which were more sett off with her native beauty and luster then any they contributed of their owne to hers. \* \* \* \* I need not enlarge vpon the argument of the Poem, which you may be sure, however defective in other particulars, was exactly modest, and suiteable to the Persons, who were all of the first rank and most illustrious of the Court: nor need I recount to your Ladyshipp with what a surprizing and admirable aire she trode the Stage, and performed her Part, because she could doe nothing of this sort, or any thing else she vnder-took, indifferently, butt in the highest perfection. Butt whilst the whole Theater were extolling her, she was then in her owne Eyes not only the humblest, butt the most diffident of herself, and least affecting praise."—*Ib.*, pp. 97-99.

The probability of such invitations being renewed sorely disturbed Mrs. Blagge; and Evelyn adds that, though her chambers had been assigned her in the most retired wing of Berkeley House, she found it impossible to command in so great an establishment the measure of retirement on which she had set her heart. It seems the natural inference from several expressions both of the narrative and of her letters, that about this time her religious meditations assumed a very perplexing shape—that she lay for some months under painful and harassing doubts, whether it would not be best for her to give up Mr. Godolphin and resolve on a life of solitary devotion. She had for years, it seems, been in the habit of consulting on all points of conscience an old friend, Dr. George Benson, Dean of Hereford—and it may perhaps be suspected that this reverend divine had given some encouragement to her views, for Evelyn tells us that her plan was to fix herself "near his cathedral," and live there "by herself under his direction." Evelyn, at any rate, did not approve of such schemes. His influence was used uniformly in the opposite direction. In very early youth he had himself entertained a strong predilection for the solitary life, and requested his elder brother to allow him to fit up a real hermitage among the woods of Wootton; nay, several years later, he

men sooner find their Error, and without much difficulty suspected conversations may be avoided. Indeed, it would be a most dreadfull sight att the last day, to see any man condemned upon your accounts; and yett such a thing may be, and yett you honest; for if you willingly consent men should looke upon you and follow you, you are necessary to that sin in St. Matthew, 'Who ever lookes on a woman to lust after her, hath committed Adultery with her allready in his heart.' Soe that my opinion is, that mankind, if they make any particular applications, tho' they don't make love, be, as much as you can, avoided. As to your conversation, there is nothing forbidden butt what is either profane, or unjust, or indevoat; I meane, the encouragement of any of that in others, by seemeing well pleased with it. 'Tis true, wee should not preach in the withdrawing Roome, butt wee must, by our lookes, shew that wee fear God, and that wee dare not hear any thing to his prejudice, nor any thing filthy, or that tends to the prejudice of our Neighbour."—*Ib.*, pp. 202-204.



drew the outlines of a plan for a Protestant Cœnobium, near Deptford, of which, it would seem, he had meant to be the founder and the first head. But the experience of mature life had not been lost, and when now called on to judge in the case of others, the active duties of society and the interests of Mr. Godolphin (though personally as yet almost a stranger) were kept steadily in view by the calm and rational, though tender and sympathizing, friend of Says Court.

From one of Margaret's letters to him at this time we must give a brief extract;—the style of their confidences will in some particulars perhaps surprise modern readers, even though they bear in mind the sort of filial and paternal relations which had been established between the lady of twenty and the gentleman of fifty:—

"The Lord help me, dear freind," sayes she, "I know not what to determine; sometymes I think one thing, sometymes another; one day I fancy noe life soe pure as the vnmarrried, another day I think it less exemplarise, and that the married life has more oppertunity of exercising Charity; and then againe, that 'tis full of solicitude and worldyness—soe as what I shall doe I know not. He can live without a wife willingly, butt without me he is vnwilling to live, soe as if I doe not marry he is not in danger of sinn; butt if I or he or both should repent—O Lord and Governor of my life, leave me not to my selfe, to the Counsell of my own heart, butt send me wisdom from thy throne, to direct, assist, and lead me soberly in my doings."

Another letter was, from internal evidence, written when Godolphin was in London—on a short furlough, no doubt, from his diplomatic duty, of which he had availed himself to press her to accompany him back to Paris as his wife. Margaret says:—

"Much afflicted and in great agony was your poor friend this day, to think of the love of the holy Jesus, and yett be soe little able to make him any returne. For with what favour have I protested against all affection to the things of this world; resign'd them all without exception; when the first moment I am tryed, I shrink away, and am passionately fond of the Creature, and forgetfull of the Creator? This when I consider'd, I fell on my knees, and with many teares begg'd of God to assist me with his Grace, and banish from me all Concerne butt that of heavenly things, and wholly to possess my heart himselfe; and either relieve me in this Conflict, now soe long sustain'd, or continue to me strength to resist it, still fearing if the combate cease not in tyme, I should repine for being putt vpon soe hard a dutye. \* \* \* One whome I love is here; most bitterly have I wept to think how much of my heart he has, how little my blessed Saviour, who has loved and suffered for me soe much more; happy, ah happy, are you, my friend, that are past that mighty love to the Creature. Butt I make this my humble confession to God and you, bewayleing my loveing any thing butt himself; imploreing him to translate my affections, and place them on him alone. Thus to you doe I display my griefe: I can leave him whome here I love, to go to my Jesus for ever; butt I Confess, 'tis hard for me to leave him now soe often as I doe, and this breaks my heart."—p. 73.

It is fair to extract also a specimen of Evelyn's reasoning with his fair young friend:—

"I consented to all her Elogies of the Virgin State, butt that there were no less due to the Conjugall; and that if there were some temptations in it, her meritts would be the greater, and the exercise of her virtue. Circled indeed it was with some tollerable thornes, butt rewarded with illustrious Coronetts for the good it produc'd; that as to the oppertunityes of serving God, an active life was preferable to the Contemplative; and that I should not doubt to see as many Crown'd in heaven who had been married, as of Virgins: since from Marriage all the Virgins in the world had their originall, and all the Saints that ever were or ever shall be; that it was the Seminary of the Church and care of Angells; and that though our beloved Lord were borne of a Virgin, she was yett vail'd vnder the Cover of Marriage; and see when St. Paul exalted the Celibate above it, for the advantages he enumerates, it was nott to derogate from Marriage, butt because of the present distress and the Impediments of a family to an Itinerant and Persecuted Apostle, and those who in that Coniuncture had noe certaine abode. \* \* \* I remembered her of what sometymes she would say, that if she married and had noe Children, she should be displeased; and if she had, she might have either too many, or too wicked and vntoward; this, I told her, was to distrust God's providence, and she did not well to make those reflections, when in all events there was exercise of faith, and patience, Industry, and other graces; that if she who bare her had been of that mind, there would have been one less Saint to Glorifye God; that I should have wanted an excellent friend, and soe would many others, who now bless'd God for the Charities she did them. Vpon all these Topycs I challeng'd her humility, her faith and her love. I laid before her how much more affected, morose, covetous, obnoxious to temptation and reproach an old Maid would be, who was knowne to have engaged her affection allready, than one who had never entertain'd an address. Then the trouble and sorrow of bringing forth and expence of a family, would att another tyme affright her; little weomen I told her, had little paine; and that Queens had endured as much with patience and cheerfulness; that as to great fortunes and support, opulent couples were not exempted from Cares; and that, tho' I was assured God had great blessings of that kind alsoe in reserve, yett sowre provisions and less Ambition were as happy in the mutuall affection of each other, where there was a Competency for the present, and so faire a prospect for the future. \* \* \*

\* \* \* I would tell her itt was not enough to be happy alone, when she might make another soe; nor ought she to resolve not to alter her Condition till she was out of reach of accidents; that it became a cruell and ill natur'd Laban to exact a double apprentyship for a Rachell; that it was Saul that putt David to adventure for a wife; that the Heroick tymes were now antiquated, and people proceeded by gentler and more compendious methods; and the decencies of her sex, and custome of the nation, and the honor of the condition, and the want of Monasteryes and pyous Recesses obliged her to marry. Marry then in God's name, said I, since my advice you aske: itt is finally what I think you ought to resolve on; tho' if I studied my owne satisfaction, I should rather promote this aversion, and seeke to fortifye your suspicion; for as I pre-

fess it the greatest Contentment of my life that you have vowed me your friendship soe solemnly and that you will be constant, whilst I incite you to marry I endanger and putt it to the hazard; for perhaps your husband may be jealous, tho' without cause; or he may have particular dislike to me, or may not be noble, free, and ingenious, or may make you unhappy otherwise, which would be the greatest affliction could happen to me; whereas, continuing as you are, mistress of your selfe and your conversation, your virtue and my yeares, and the conscience of my duty, and both our discretions, will preserve our friendship honorable, pious, and useful."—p. 82.

We have now reached the only mysterious feature in Margaret Blagge's history—it will appear such after the foregoing extracts, but much more so to those who have read the whole of Evelyn's narrative and the most confidential letters interwoven. Mr. Sidney Godolphin is at last released from his post at Paris—he returns to London, and bestirs himself about obtaining such an office in the King's service as may enable him to settle permanently at home. Just at this juncture Lord Berkeley of Stratton is appointed Ambassador Extraordinary to the French Court—his lady is to accompany him—she considers Mrs. Blagge as a member of her family, and her going also to Paris is taken for granted. Margaret is to go there exactly when Godolphin has left it—it looks like one of the cunningly devised and wearisomely repeated devices of the novelist—but so it is. Mr. Godolphin does not choose, his own suit at Whitehall just opened, to quit London again on the instant: but he cannot, it seems, make up his mind to part with Mrs. Blagge unless she will put an end to his anxieties by marrying him. And "on the 16th of May (1675) they were both married together in the Temple Church, by the Reverend Doctor Lake, one of His Royal Highnesses Chaplains; my Lady Berkeley and a Servant of the Bride's only being present; both the blessed pair receiving the Holy Sacrament, and consecrating the solemnity with a double Mistery;"—but, strange to say, this step was taken without the privity of Mr. Evelyn, who remained for some months afterwards without the slightest suspicion of the fact.

In Evelyn's own diary the marriage is entered under the proper date, and no allusion is there made to this concealment: but in the little book before us he does not attempt to disguise his astonishment on learning that his friend had treated him with such reserve. He mentions, on the contrary, in immediate connection with the event, various circumstances which must have rendered her conduct still more incomprehensible to him. For in June she spent a whole fortnight at Says Court, during which time Evelyn agreed to regulate everything as to her pecuniary supplies while abroad; and when Lord and Lady Berkely and she took their departure from France, Evelyn at their joint request, accompanied them to Dover, and saw them all on board the royal yacht. Lastly, the night before they sailed, when at Canterbury,

Margaret executed her will, which Evelyn signed as witness, and, as her chosen friend, retained sealed up in his own keeping. Nor does it seem that the mystery was ever wholly cleared up: "I ever," he says, "considered it an impertinence to be over-curious; and was assured that this nicety could never proceed from herself, but from some other prevalent obligation." Between the marriage and the voyage, as he says, some months elapsed; "and all this time," he adds, "I am persuaded she and her Husband lived with the same reserves that the Angels do in Heaven, not thinking fitt to cohabit till they declared their Marriage, which, for reasons best known to themselves, they did not do till she came back from France againe."

The fame of her wit and beauty had preceded her to Paris, and as she spoke the language perfectly, she was beset with every possible attention and flattery. Louis XIV. himself invited her specially to St. Germain—but "considering herself now a married woman," she never visited abroad at all during her stay—never even once saw "the splendid Vanity of that French court."

Thus passed the winter. In the spring Lord Berkeley repaired to Nimeguen on the business of the treaty thence named, and Margaret found some pretext (Lady Berkeley no doubt assisting) for returning to England. It appears that shortly before her arrival Evelyn had been informed (by whom we have no hint) of her marriage. She sent for him immediately to her temporary lodgings in Covent-garden—and there occurred a little scene, so delicately sketched that we cannot but copy it:—

"I will not repeate what pass'd betweene vs in freindly expostulations, for the vnkindness of her soe long concealing from me the circumstance of her marriage, because she express'd her Sorrow with such an asseveration as in my whole Life before I never heard her vtter, soe as I could not butt forgive her heartily. Nor did this suffice, for she often acknowledg'd her fault, and beg'd of me that I would not diminish ought of my good Opinion of her, to the least wounding the intire Freindshipp which was betweene vs; protesting she had been soe afflicted in her selfe for it, that were it to doe againe, noe consideration or compliance in the World should have prevailed on her to break her Promise, as some had done to her regret. In good earnest I was sorry to see her troubled for it, considering the Empire of a passionate Love, the singular and silent way of the Lover, whose gravitie and temper you know soe well, and with whome I

\* The following passage in a different part of the book, has reference no doubt to this residence in Paris:—"Tis hardly to be imagined, the talent she peculiarly had in repenting a comickall part or acting it, when in a chearfull humor and amongst some particular friends she would sometymes divert them; and I have heard her pronounce a Sermon in French which she had heard preached by a fryar in Paris vpon the profession of a nun, att which she was present, that really surprized me. Those who have observ'd the fantastick motion of those Zealotts in the pulpitt would have seen in this lady's action, invention, and preachment, the prettiest and most innocent Mimick in the World, and have really beleived it had been the Enthusiast himselfe, butt for his frock and face, that had inspired her; certainly she was the most harmless and diverting Creature in nature."—p. 186.

had nothing of that intimacy and indear'd Friendship which might intitle me to the Confidence he has since not thought me unworthy of. I therefore mention this passage, because she was a Person of soe exact and nice a Conscience that for all the World she would not have violated her Promise; nor did I ever find it in the least save this, which, when all is done, was of noe great importance. Save that I tooke it a little to heart she should soe industriously conceale a thing from one to whom she had all along communicated her most intimate thoughts; and when that affection of hers was placed, which she would often acknowledge was not possible for her to moderate as she desir'd, or bring to the least indifference, after all her innocent stratagems and endeavors, and even sometymes resolutions, to quitt all the World and think of him only in her Prayers.

"This scene being thus over, to my great satisfaction, and, as vpon all occasions I had advised, when those melancholy thoughts and fancies vs'd to interrupt her quiett, wee will looke vpon this Lady now as a settled Woman, and in the Armes of that excellent Person the most worthy to possess her."—p. 128.

The picture of her married life is in perfect harmony with all its antecedents; a most charming picture indeed—but we cannot afford to linger over it as we could wish to do. "It is usually said of marryed people, such a one has altered her condition; indeed, soe had shee. But in noe sort her course; knowing that she could never please her husband better then when she was pleasing God, she was (I may truly say) the same a wife and a virgin."—p. 192. Mr. Godolphin became master of the robes, on the resignation of Lord Rochester; an appointment which made worldly matters easy. Evelyn was in his element when called on to direct the alteration and decoration of a house purchased by the young couple in Scotland Yard; and there he in due time saw them "settled with that pretty and discrete economye soe naturall to her. Never was there such an household of faith; never Lady more worthy of the blessings she was entering into, or who was more thankfull to God for them."

"'Lord,' (says she, in a Letter to me,) 'when I this day considered my happyness, in haveing soe perfect health of body, cheerfullness of mind, noe disturbance from without, nor griefe within, my tyme my owne, my house quiett, sweete and pretty, all manner of Conveniencys for serveing God in publick and private, how happy in my Friends, Husband, Relations, Servants, Credit, and none to waite or attend on but my dear and beloved God, from whom I receive all this, what a melting joy run through me att the thoughts of all these mercyes, and how did I think myselfe obliged to goe to the foote of my Redeemer, and acknowledge my owne vvortherness of his favor; butt then what words was I to make vse of; truly att first of none att all, but a devout silence did speake for me: but after that I power'd out my prayers, and was in an amazement that there should be such a sin as ingratitude in the world, and that any should neglect this great duty. Butt why doe I say all this to you, my friend? truly that out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh, and I am still soe full of it that I cannot forbear expressing my thoughts to you.'

"And this was not a transient rapture vpon the sence of her present Enjoyment, butt a permanent and devout affection. Upon the 16th day of October following, which day she constantly vsed to give me an account of her concerns the year past, I find this passage in a Letter:—'God Almighty has been Infinitely gracious to me this year, for he has brought me back into my owne native Country in safety, and honorably prospered me in my temporall affaires; above my expectation continued my health, and my friends deliver'd me from the torments of suspense; given me a husband that above all men living I value; in a word, I have little to wish butt a Child, and to contribute something to my friends happyness, which I most impatiently desire; and then I must think before I can remember what I would have more then I enjoy in this world, butt the continuance of a thankfull heart to my God.'"—p. 134.

The only additional blessing that she "pass onately desired" was not very soon granted; and after two years, to fill the void, she "tooke home to her a poore orphan girl, whom she cherished with the tenderness of a natural mother." We must not dwell on "her care in instructing her servants—how sedulously she kept her family to religious duties, how decently she received her friends, how profitably she employed every minute of time." Her means were now ample—"her husband had settled on her the absolute disposal of her portion, 4000*l*."; and this independent income enabled her "to distribute considerable charities by which were relieved many indigent people and poor house-keepers."

"How diligently she would inquire out the poore and miserable, even in Hospittalls, humble Cells, and Cottages, whither I have sometymes accompanied her as far as the very skirts and obscure places of the Towne—among whom she not only gave liberall almes, but physitions and physick she would send to some, yea, and administer Remedyes herselfe, and the meanest offices. She would sit and read, instruct and pray, whole afternoones, and tooke care for their spirituall relief by procureing a Minister of Religion to prepare them for the holy Sacrament, for which purpose she not only carryed and gave them bookes of Salvation and Devotion, but had herselfe collected diverse Psalmes and Chapters proper to be read and used vpon such occasions. How many naked poore Creatures she covered! I have by me one List of no fewer than twenty three, whome she cladd at one time, and (your Ladyshipp may remember) for whome she wrought with her owne hands."—p. 210.

"What she herselfe distributed more privately I know not, but sure I am it was a great deale more then ever she would discover, takeing all the Cautions imaginable, that nothing she did of this nature should be knowne, no to her left hand what her right hand did, and therefore often would she herselfe walk out alone and on foote, and fasting, and in midst of winter, (when it was hardly fit to send a servant out,) to minister to some poore creatures she had found out, and perhaps whome no body knew of besides, soe far had her love to God and piety to others overcome nature and the delicate tenderness of her sex and constitution."—p. 214.

At last she perceived that she was to be a mother; but Evelyn sadly dwells on the presentimen



which soon after haunted her, that "her dear man (for so she now called him) was to have his wish fulfilled" at the cost of her own life. Evelyn is willing enough to tell of dreams and signs that foreshadowed the sorrows of September, 1678; but upon these passages we are content to be silent.

"It was then on Tuesday the third of that unfortunate Month, when coming about 11 a clock in the forenoone as my custome was, to visit her and ask of her health, that I found she was in Travell; and you may easily imagine how extreamely I was concern'd, not to stirr from the house till I had some assurance that all succeeded well. And indeed to all appearance soe it did. For it pleas'd God that within an hour your Ladyshipp brought me the joyful tydeings of a Man Child born into the world, and a very little after admitted me to see and bless that lovely Babe by the Mothers side; when the very first word she spoke to me was, I hope you have given thanks to God for his infinite mercy to me! O with what satisfaction, with what joy and over rapture did I hear her pronounce it; with what satisfaction and pleasure did I see the Mother safe, and her desire accomplished, without any accident that could give the least vmbrage or suspicion of approaching danger, soe as me thought of nothing more than rejoyceing and praising God, augureing a thousand benedictions."

On the Thursday following, Mr. and Mrs. Evelyn were present at the christening of the child; and the recovery of the mother seemed to be proceeding so favorable, that after the service these friends left London for their villa at Deptford. While in church there on the afternoon of Sunday the 8th, Evelyn received a brief note from Mr. Godolphin, requesting the prayers of that congregation also for his wife, and intimating very dangerous symptoms. The puerperal fever had declared itself with great violence. Evelyn hastened back to town, and continued by her till "about one o'clock at noon on the Monday, the 9th September, 1678," when this loveable creature breathed her last, "in the twenty-fifth year and prime of her age." During the last day her mind was lost in wanderings; but "the deliriums," says Evelyn "were only such as proceeded from languor and tiredness; soe that tho' she still retained her memory of the persons about her, what she said was altogether inconsistent, and growing more impetuous and deplorable, gave presage of uttmost danger. This only was highly remarkable, that in all this disorder of fancy and almost distraction, she uttered not one syllable or expression that might in the least offend God, or any creature about her; a thing which during these alienations of mind does seldom happen; but which shewed how blessed a thing it was to live holily and carefully, as this Innocent did; persons that are delirious usually uttering extravagances that discover their worst inclinations."—p. 147.

It appeared that a day or two before her confinement she had received the Sacrament, as in preparation for the coming peril; and on opening her repositories they found letters addressed to her

husband, her sister-in-law, and Evelyn, which had all been written on that same day, and contained very minute directions as to her affairs, especially her pensionaries and other charities, in case of death. To Mr. Godolphin she had thus expressed herself:—

"My deare, not knowing how God Almighty may deale with me, I think it my best course to settle my affaires, soe as that, in case I be to leave this world, noe earthly thing may take vp my thoughts. In the first place, my dear, beleive me, that of all earthly things you were and are the most dear to me; and I am convinced that nobody ever had a better or halfe soe good a husband. I begg your pardon for all my Imperfections, which I am senceible were many; but such as I could help, I did endeavor to subdue, that they might not trouble you. \* \* \* I know nothing more I have to desire of you, but that you will sometimes think of me with kindness, butt never with too much grieve. For my Funerall, I desire there may be noe cost bestowed vpon it att all; butt if I might, I would begg that my body might lye where I have had such a mind to goe myselfe, at Godolphyn, among your freinds. I beleive, if I were carried by Sea, the expence would not be very great; but I don't insist vpon that place, if you think it not reasonable; lay me where you please.

"Pray, my deare, be kind to that poore Child I leave behind, for my sake, who lov'd you soe well; butt I need not bidd you, I know you will be soe. If you should think fitt to marry againe, I humbly begg that little fortune I brought may be first settled vpon my Child, and that as long as any of your Sisters live, you will lett it (if they permitt) live with them, for it may be, tho' you will love itt, my successor will not be soe fond of it as they I am sure will be.

"Now, my deare Child, farèwell; the peace of God which passeth all understanding, keepe your heart and mind in the knowledge and love of God and of his Son Jesus Christ our Lord; and the blessing of God Almighty, the Father, the Sonn, and the Holy Gost, be with thee, and remaine with thee ever and ever. Amen."

In compliance with her desire, her remains were conveyed to Cornwall—though mistaken feeling could not obey her as to the absence of all costly ceremonial—and she was laid in the vault of the Godolphins, below the church of the parish from which that family take their name, and of which they had been lords from a period long preceding the Conquest. Here, after the interval of thirty-four years, the dust of her husband was conjoined to hers. He had never married again—and who will wonder! On the political character and career of that eminent statesman we shall not be expected to enter in an article of this kind; a few dates will suffice. In the year after her death he became a lord of the treasury; and in 1684 first lord and a baron. In 1704 he was lord high treasurer, and in 1706 created Earl of Godolphin, Viscount Rialton. Dying in 1712, he was buried by the side of the wife of his youth, and succeeded in his honors by his and her only son, Francis, who married Henrietta Churchill, eldest daughter of the great Duke of Malborough, and ultimately

in her own right Duchess of Marlborough. They had one son and one daughter. The son, William Godolphin, Viscount Rialton and Marquess of Blandford, died without offspring. The Marlborough estates and titles thus passed to the family of Spencer, in which they still remain; while the Godolphin property (though not the peerage) went to the grand-daughter of our and Evelyn's saint, Mary Godolphin, wife of Thomas, fourth Duke of Leeds. All the existing branches of the noble house of Leeds are thus descendants of Margaret Blagge, and the Barony of Godolphin was revived in favor of her great-great-grandson, Lord Francis Godolphin Osborne, in 1832.\*

We are satisfied that there is one great practical lesson which this beautiful little biography will impress now and hereafter upon thousands of readers. They will learn to be cautious about judging from what they find recorded in the newspapers, if they do not happen to be themselves casual observers, of the scenes in which people of a certain class do and must participate, as to the real characters and prevalent thoughts and feelings of the individuals. What was *Margaret Blagge* in the eyes of the mob of Charles the Second's courtiers? What was the "little Fairy Spirit," the dreaded "Wit," the acting, mimicking maid of honor—the prima donna of Whitehall—in the opinion of the distant public, which then, as now, listened greedily to "sayings and doings" of fashionable life? We have seen how slow even the gentle Evelyn was to comprehend that she could be what he afterwards so loved and revered. We are most firmly persuaded that never among the higher classes of our countrywomen was there more than there now is of the very spirit and temper that sanctified Margaret Godolphin—

"And made a sunshine in the shady place."

Nor is it unworthy of notice (though we do not presume to expatiate on such matters) that the piety and pious observances of the English ladies of the present time bear a far closer resemblance, even in minute features, to the Godolphin type, than could have been pointed out as *characterizing*, at least, any one generation between hers and ours. For the rest, we may well be excused for giving few commentaries of our own, when we can transcribe these graceful paragraphs from the introduction of the Bishop of Oxford:—

"Her lot was cast in the darkest age of England's morals; she lived in a court where flourished in their rankest luxuriance all the vice and littleness, which the envy of detractors without has ever loved to impute—and at times, thank God, with such utter falsehood—to courts in general.

"In the reign of Charles the Second, that revolution of feeling, which affects nations just as it does individuals, had plunged into dissipation all ranks

\* Is there no good portrait of Margaret Blagge in the possession of her own descendants? Either the picture given by her to Mr. Evelyn, and engraved for this book, must be a very unfair representation of a beauty so distinguished as she certainly was, or else the engraving does great injustice to the picture. We hope the Bishop of Oxford will inquire before he prints another edition.

on their escape from the narrow austerities and gloomy sourness of puritanism. The court, as was natural, shared to the full in these new excesses of an unrestrained indulgence; whilst many other influences led to its wider corruption. The foreign habits contracted in their banishment by the returning courtiers were ill suited to the natural gravity of English manners, and introduced at once a widespread licentiousness. The personal character, moreover, of the king helped on the general corruption. Gay, popular, and witty, with a temper nothing could cross, and an affability nothing could repress, he was thoroughly sensual, selfish, and depraved—vice in him was made so attractive by the wit and gayety with which it was tricked out, that its utmost grossness seemed for the time rather to win than to repulse beholders. Around the king clustered a band of congenial spirits, a galaxy of corruption, who spread the pollution upon every side. The names of Buckingham and Rochester, of Etheridge, Lyttelton, and Sedley, still maintain a bad preeminence in the annals of English vice. As far as the common eye could reach there was little to resist the evil. The Duke of York, the next heir to the throne, a cold-hearted libertine, shared the vices of the king, without the poor gloss of his social attractions."

We have nothing to complain of in Bishop Wilberforce's picture of the personal morals of the *Duke of York*—and as to his mere manners we shall only say that, though far enough from the too captivating grace of his brother's, still they were dignified and noble. We think, however, the bishop might in charity have made some allusion to the deep and ascetic piety of the old age of James II. But to return to our quotation—

"In the midst of such a general reign of wickedness, it is most refreshing to the wearied spirit to find by closer search some living witnesses for truth and holiness—some who, through God's grace, passed at His call their vexed days amongst the orgies of that crew, as untainted by its evils as is the clear sunbeam by the corruption of a loathsome atmosphere. Such an one was Margaret Godolphin, whom neither the license of those evil days, nor the scandal and detraction with which they abounded, ever touched in spirit or in reputation. Verily she walked in the flames of 'the fiery furnace' and felt no hurt, neither did the smell of fire pass upon her."

"In what strength she lived this life these pages will declare. They will show that ever by her side, conversing with her spirit through its living faith, there was a fourth form like unto the Son of God. And one thing for our instruction and encouragement may here be specially noted: that in that day of reproach she was a true daughter of the Church of England. Puritanism did not contract her soul into moroseness; nor did she go to Rome to learn the habits of devotion. In the training of our own church she found enough of God's teaching to instruct her soul; in its lessons she found a rule of holy self-denying obedience; in its prayers a practice of devotion; in its body a fellowship with saints; in its ordinances a true communion with her God and Saviour; which were able to maintain in simple unaffected purity her faith at court—in dutiful active love her married life; which sufficed to crown her hours of bitter anguish and untimely death with a joyful resignation and assured waiting for her crown.

"Such is the sketch presented to the reader. May he in a better day learn in secret, for himself, those lessons of heavenly wisdom which adorned the life and glorified the death of Margaret Godolphin."

The publication of this volume has been happily timed; we are deeply grateful for it to the Archbishop of York and his accomplished literary coadjutor. The grand lessons are not for any particular persuasion or denomination, but for all Christians—they are in the true sense of the word *Catholic*—and we have no doubt they will be appreciated by very many without the pale of the Church of England. But others, though of secondary, are still of very serious importance, and well deserved the special notice of the bishop at the present time. Mrs. Godolphin's unswerving confidence in her own church is no trivial lesson. It seems to us the more valuable on account of the very circumstances which we have heard dilated on as detracting from its value. "Why should she," it is said, "have become a Romanist? She was always one in everything but the name." Not so. She attended the services of the church twice every day—she observed strictly the fasts of the church as well as its festivals—she received the sacrament almost every Lord's day;—but if to do these things be popery, then Charles I., and Archbishop Laud, and John Evelyn, were all papists as well—the popery consisted merely in doing what all members of the Anglican Church have always been commanded, and all ministers of that church have always been pledged to do. We have heard invidious comments on her habitual communications with the Dean of Hereford; and the use of the word *Direction* in Evelyn's mention of it has been especially dwelt on. But be it observed, the word *Direction* had not in that age acquired the technical sense it now bears within the Romanist body itself—and if she had recourse to "the counsel and advice of some learned and discreet divine," more regularly than was even then customary with females of her rank and station—(which, if we compare her only with others of deeply religious feeling, we much doubt to have been the case)—the peculiarity is to be accounted for by the peculiar difficulties of her position—an orphan girl in the midst of a most dangerous society. We might as justly detect Romanism in the nature of her confidential intercourse with Mr. Evelyn himself. As to her leanings in favor of a single and even a solitary life, we are happy that she had such a friend as Evelyn to counteract them—because, attached as she was to Mr. Godolphin, she could not have followed such a course without ultimately shattering the serenity of her own conscience—without injustice to one worthy of her tenderest affection—without the abnegation of many Christian duties, in the discharge of which she lived and died a profitable example to all around her. But it is the height of bigotry to see anything abstractedly wrong in a preference for a virgin life; and no candid person can look at the present state of society in this country without perceiving that the

condition of very many of the best among us is perplexed and degraded, simply because we have no such institutions as nunneries might be, and ought to be—establishments where virtuous and pious ladies, of moderate fortune, might find a home and a refuge at once secure and honorable—in place of submitting to marriages of mere convenience, or else wearing out an aimless, comfortless existence—if not suffering the vulgar hardships of poverty, escaping them only by the worse pain of dependence. Irrefragable vows, and especially early ones, are snares and cunning corruptions; but we have no right to confound the salutary principle with perilous excrescences, in favor of which there is not the remotest shadow of a scriptural authority.

Not only was Mrs. Godolphin untinged with any of the errors of Romanism, but she remained so under circumstances of temptation which it would be difficult to exaggerate. Her lot was cast amidst the professors of that faith—she was the loyal and devoted servant of an innocent, amiable, and most unhappy Roman Catholic princess; and from her earliest youth converts to that creed were her kind friends and daily companions. Her close connection with Romanists, and her deep sympathy, we must add, with the *Catholic* principles common to Romanism and Anglicanism, are precisely the circumstances that give the highest interest and importance to the lesson of her fidelity to the church in which she was baptized and confirmed, to the utter rejection of all participation in any of the doctrinal perversions or unauthorized practices of the Roman system.

We have more than once lately expressed our regret at the prevalence of religious novels. The present season has produced several works of this class, and one or two written with ability. So much the worse—we are satisfied that it is a false and unlawful style of composition, and the more the talent the greater the mischief. Let us hope that the contemplation of the simple unvarnished realities of this saintly biography may illustrate to many, by the force of contrast, the real texture and tendency of these artificial, vamped up performances—and inspire modesty and self-distrust in the spinners of imaginary experiences.\*

\* We wish ladies, in particular, could be turned away from the fond conceit of working up religious controversies in their novels. Not to press more serious arguments, they always fail in concentrating the interest on the controversy; the love—the mere love—uniformly runs away with them and their story.

"Cleveland," we presume, was meant to illustrate the perils of compulsory confession and the modern system of *direction*; but the lesson it really teaches—if it teaches anything—is one of a less exalted order; simply, that the woman, whose imagination has been fairly smitten by a man not the lawful property of any other woman, exposes her heart and mind at least to extreme peril, by consenting to espouse another man in whom the imaginative part of her does not and never can take the same sort of interest. Love has many masks and many aliases. The heroine has, in fact, though unconsciously, been enamored, after a not rare fashion, with her handsome, accomplished, poetical and picturesque confessor. Being accidentally separated from him, she attracts the attention of a comely and worthy, but prosaic clergyman of the Church of England. She is in circumstances which render marriage



## THE CHOLERA.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SPECTATOR.

19th October, 1847.

SIR—Public attention seems to be uneasily directed towards the progress of the cholera; and the alarm its second advent is calculated to excite will, I fear, receive no inconsiderable addition from the observations of Mr. W. Herapath of Bristol, published in your last number.

My experience leads me to differ from the conclusions laid down in paragraphs 1 and 4; and when I relate how that experience was gained, I will leave you to form your own conclusions as to its value.

I was parish-surgeon at the time the cholera made its appearance in Upton-upon-Severn; which town, situated on the bank of a large navigable river, and liable to a constantly changing population, (many of the lower orders depending on the river for support,) was peculiarly obnoxious to its attack. The severity of that attack may be judged from the fact that nearly three per cent. of the gross population fell victims to it within the short space of three weeks; but the ravages were entirely confined to the lower class, and *every case* fell under my notice.

The most diligent inquiries led me to believe that the disease was epidemic, caused by miasm, taking generally the course of navigable rivers; *but that it was not contagious*—no single case of infection being traced either to contact with the living or dead body, or with the clothing.

particularly desirable for her; she cannot marry this clergyman without giving up her Romanism; she at last does so, and is married. But after a few months she is again thrown into contact with the romantic confessor, and all is thenceforth confusion and misery. This, though the authoress did not mean it, is a story of common enough terrestrial passion—the controversy a thin disguise.

There is great elegance in much of the writing of this little novel; and one sketch, that of a pampered aristocratic beauty, suddenly cut off in the midst of her splendor and folly, reveals powers of a very high class indeed.

In Lady Georgianna Fullerton's "Grantley Manor," the attempt to make the interest turn on difference of religion is equally unfortunate. That Protestants may be very bigoted and very bad, and Romanists very amiable and pious, we did not need a novel to instruct us: and as to all the other doctrinal points she entirely breaks down. Indeed, she breaks down utterly in the whole matter of her *dénouement* as far as anything like moral justice is concerned. For the virtues and wrongs of the lovely Italian are rewarded by her being acknowledged as the wife of a shuffling, shabby, and selfish Irishman as ever disgraced the name of any church or sect under heaven; and this Protestant hero, after all, is left in possession not only of a beautiful Popish bride, but of immense affluence, all derived from Orangemen of the deepest purple, as his recompense for a course of fraud that richly entitled him to Norfolk Island.

The skill in description which Lady G. Fullerton had shown in a former work is at least as brilliantly exemplified in this. Many of her passages of disquisition on moral and social questions are not less remarkable for vigor and boldness of thought than for terseness of language. The book in short bears the stamp of such ability, that we earnestly hope her ladyship will henceforth confine herself to the legitimate field which she might cultivate to the unmixed satisfaction of both Protestant and Popish admirers.

Its march was erratic; one case breaking out near the river, another more in the town; but in almost every one, in the house of persons who worked by the water. Some attacked in the town went into the surrounding parishes and died; their deaths were not followed by an attack of their attendants, while many of those in the town who had never entered a house infected with the disease fell victims to it. The alarm at last became so great, that whole families adjourned to the fields, taking up their abode in hovels and out-houses; parents abandoned their offspring, children their parents. It was impossible to procure attendants for the hospital to which the later sufferers were conveyed: yet in no case was it possible to trace the disease as having been caused by attending on those attacked by it; a certain class seemed peculiarly obnoxious to it—those it attacked and swept away.

The inhabitants of the surrounding parishes escaped the scourge; only one or two cases occurring in the neighborhood, and those could be easily accounted for. Worcester, Tewkesbury, Gloucester, suffered severely; the neighboring towns of Ledbury, Pershore, Cheltenham, and Malvern, escaped.

"Nevertheless," to use the words of Sir John Graham Dalyell, in speaking of his researches on another subject, "let not these remarks be held as an imputation on the accuracy or on the veracity of other naturalists, though I have no reason to believe their vision more acute or their instruments more perfect than mine." Mr. Herapath's experiments may be correct: they are not corroborated by my observations; and my opportunities were, alas, fearfully great.

I shall conclude with the relation of a case which occurred in Canada. When the cholera broke out in Toronto, Mr. H., who was a resident there, became dreadfully alarmed, and went to Hamilton, to the house of a relation of mine, who was practising there. The distance between the two towns is at least fifty miles. In a few days he was attacked by cholera, and died in the course of twenty-four hours. *No other case occurred in the town or neighborhood.*

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

GEORGE SHEWARD, M.R.C.S.L.

THE Archbishop of Dublin, who knows as well as any one how "desipere in loco," teased by some pedantic grammarian, challenged his tormentor to decline the commonest noun—"cat," for example. The pedant contemptuously proceeded—

"Nominative—a cat, or the cat.

Genitive—of a cat, or, &c.

Dative—to or for a cat, or, &c.

Accusative—a cat, or, &c.

Vocative—O cat!"

"Wrong," interrupted the archbishop; "*pus* is the *vocative* of cat all through the United Kingdom, and wherever else the Teutonic dialects are spoken." —Standard.

From the Portland Advertiser.

"WHITE JIM."

SEVERAL notices have recently appeared in the papers concerning a Mr. Wilbur's having recovered a son (from the Indians) who had been lost to him more than twenty years, but we believe the full particulars in regard to the matter have not yet appeared in print, and have taken some pains to get at them. Our authority for the statements which follow is Mr. S. W. Swett, the intelligent tollman of the Cape Elizabeth bridge, who has been chiefly instrumental in restoring the long lost child to his parents.

In the year 1827 the parents of "White Jim," as he is called, resided in township letter B, then almost in a wilderness state, and but sparsely peopled. Mr. W. had cleared up a patch of ground for his house, and, about a quarter of a mile distant, a field for grain. He had two daughters, old enough to be of service in assisting their parent, and a child named, after himself, James, (the chief subject of this narrative,) then two years and ten months old. One day, early in September, the two girls returned home after having been at work with their father in the corn-field, and inquired of their mother what had made James cry so—they heard him scream, "The booger man has got me," but thought nothing of it, supposing him with her. The mother at once became deadly pale; she had supposed the child was safe with them all the while, and now flashed upon her the painful conviction, that he was lost in the woods, if a worse fate had not befallen him.

The nearest neighbors were immediately aroused, and search was made through the woods, but without success; and for twelve days did the agonized parents and sympathizing neighbors continue their inquiries and researches, but all to no purpose.

It was finally concluded by some that a desperado, half Indian, half white, named Robbins, who spent his time in the surrounding region, hunting, had killed the child for the purpose of baiting his traps with the body; and as the same Robbins was afterwards confined in prison for killing two persons, (from which he escaped and was never afterwards heard of,) there appeared to be some foundation for this supposition. Still hope remained with the parents, and the mother often stated her conviction that she should again see her boy before she died—and strangely at last has that conviction been realized. But we will not get ahead of our narrative.

In the spring of 1846, the father (who had meanwhile removed to Bethel) heard that there was a white boy residing with the Indians in Nova Scotia, who might possibly be his child.

A request, as will be recollected by some of our readers, was made through the newspapers for information concerning him, but to no purpose, and the hearts of the parents were again made sick with "hope deferred." However, a clue to the mystery was at length obtained.

Some four or five months since the two girls

mentioned in the beginning of these statements, then engaged in one of the factories in Saco, saw a young man among a party of Indians, then tarrying in the neighborhood, who was so strongly enstamped with the lineaments of their family, as to lead them to suspect he might be their lost brother. By conversation the suspicion grew into certainty, and they at length made bold to claim him.

He distrusted them, and got away as soon as possible, and directly after, the party of Indians among whom he resided removed from Saco, and took up their residence in our vicinity, just the other side of the Cape Elizabeth bridge.

The girls wrote a statement of these facts to their parents, and the father at once started off for Saco; but learning, before he arrived there, that the Indians had removed to this neighborhood, he changed his course, and came hither.

The first person he called upon here was Mr. Swett, toll-keeper of the new bridge, and to him he related the particulars of his business. Mr. S. was well informed as to the habits and peculiarities of the Indians—and told the old man that if White James was his son, it would probably frustrate all his hopes of recovering him if he went directly there and claimed him. Mr. S. knew James well; had purchased baskets of him, during a former season, when the Indians were residing at their present location, and he proposed that he should send for him. The old gentleman assented, and a message was sent to the young man ostensibly concerning the purchase of some baskets. James came, and Mr. Swett, after bargaining for a lot of baskets, began questioning him as to his history. He readily asserted that he was stolen from his white parents by the Indians: not that he could recollect the fact, but he had heard "the Indians talk it." His first recollections went back no further than circumstances relating to his Indian life.

Mr. Swett then related to him his convictions as to his parentage, (narrating the circumstances of his disappearance,) and pointing to the old man, who meanwhile had sat deeply affected near by, said, "That man is your father!"

The old man, as well as he could for his tears, took up the thread of the conversation, and after ascertaining that James was the same young man the girls had seen at Saco, related anew the history we have above given, and declared that he knew him to be his son—if he had seen him anywhere in the street, he would have recognized him as such.

James, however, who had evidently been imposed upon by the Indians with some story of sinister motive on the part of the proposed father, disclaimed all relationship, and all wish to have anything to do with him, and getting out of the door on some trivial pretext, took to his heels as for life, and before the old man was well aware of his absence, was half way over the bridge. The old gentleman could only exclaim, "O dear! I

have again lost my child"—and sank down in a chair.

Mr. S. spoke encouragingly, and finally got a person residing on the other side of the bridge to go over with him to the Indian camp. There the old man had conversation several times with White James, who gradually became more tractable, and finally was prevailed upon to acknowledge the relationship, and to promise to go to the house of his parents in a fortnight, when the old man left him, first having provided him with the means of paying his stage fare.

Mr. Swett, the toll-keeper, who had shown a highly commendable interest in the matter, was adjured to see "the boy" occasionally, and keep him fixed to his promise, which he readily agreed to do; and Mr. Wilbur returned home. Before the fortnight elapsed, however, impatient of the delay, he returned to the city, and contrary to the advice of Mr. Swett, went over to the encampment of the Indians, accompanied by several other individuals, when, to use the words of Mr. Swett, "everything was again knocked in the head." James peremptorily denied all relationship with the old gentleman, and would have nothing to do with him; and again the old man returned home with a heavy heart.

Mr. Swett, however, was determined the lost child should be righted—he saw him several times, and asked him if he was not going home. James' reply was that the Indians had told him the old man wanted to get him away and kill him. Mr. S. quieted his fears on that score.

White James had a squaw, or wife, residing with the Indians, to whom he had been united some five or six months ago, and Mr. S. saw the two together, and finally he agreed to accompany them to Bethel, if they would go—to which they agreed.

Last Saturday week Mr. S. started in a two horse carriage for Bethel, with them. They stopped at the tavern of Mr. Amasa H. Merrill, about a mile from the residence of the Wilburs—there being no carriage road thence to their residence. The father was sent for. Absence from the Indians, it appeared, had produced a change in the sentiments of James toward Mr. W. He seemed much pleased when they met, and shook the old man's hand cordially.

The travellers, after taking some refreshment, started on foot for Mr. W.'s house, accompanied by a throng of people, among whom were three or four persons entirely strangers to the mother. On arriving at the house these strangers went in first, James in their midst. The old lady, pale with anxiety, looked at each one carefully, but when she came to James, she rushed forward and clasped him in her arms, exclaiming, "This is my boy—this is my child."

And with him all doubt of his parentage (if doubt he had) at once gave way—an absorbing love, love toward a mother, long sought for but unknown, seemed to be awakened in his heart, and he wept like a child; nor were theirs the only moist eyes in the group—every one was affected.

The two sat down, and for nearly half an hour the mother retained her hand in his, occasionally uttering through her sobs such sentences as—"Where have you been this long, long time?"—"They stole you from me"—"Have they abused my boy?"—and then she spoke of the sleepless nights and anxious days she had had on his account—of the sorrow unceasing that had made her old prematurely—and again, in an ecstasy of passionate weeping, she clasped him in her arms.

There is no doubt the young man had been much abused by the Indians; he makes no complaints, however, but on being interrogated by his mother, subsequently to this meeting, on the matter, burst into tears.

He seems to be perfectly contented and happy at his new residence, as our informant tells us. His Indian wife is with him, but *she* prefers her Indian habits—wants him to build a camp and reside in the woods—to all which he turns a deaf ear. He says he left the Indian camp to reside with his father and mother, and he will not leave them.

#### A FEW IRISH FACTS.

THE "normal" state of Ireland is an enormity; it is that of a fertile country, with abundant labor, which does not grow food enough to support the people, and which makes no real effort to supply the deficiency. Nor is the lack of effort for lack of knowledge; every want of Ireland has been the subject of reiterated complaint and reëchoed exposition, year after year.

Almost every estate in the country is overburdened with people. The land has been subdivided until there is scarcely a plot left big enough to be called a farm. To that source of bad farming has been added the most reckless and habitual improvidence, handed down from father to son; everybody tries to rake the last shred out of the land, and nobody thinks of returning anything to it—neither capital nor labor. All is carried off, and nothing is carried on. The results are these—insolvent landlords, the whole class mortgaged to the extent of ten thirteenths of their incomes; pauper laborers all living on potatoes, with two millions and a half quite destitute for a third of each year; and *no* class of tenant-farmers, the farms being as it were parcelled out among the paupers of the parish instead of real tenant-farmers.

This state of things is bad enough, but it is worse when regarded as a state of progressive deterioration, which it is; for some years it has, with exceptional cases of reaction, been visibly growing worse; the landlords becoming more and more deeply involved, the mass of destitution becoming vaster.

Improvement seems to be forbidden by the extremity to which the social state of the country is depraved. To introduce a decently intelligent and profitable style of agriculture, it is necessary to thin the redundant population on the estates; but that sort of "clearance" has always excited a howl of execration, because, while Ireland was without a poor-law, it doomed the ejected tenant-laborers to destruction; and the laboring classes sought to protect themselves against the landlord and his agents by shooting them. If, to encourage intelligence and industry, land is transferred from a bad tenant



to a good one, the "intruder" or the landlord is shot—perhaps both are. If the landlord, desirous of improving his land by investing more capital, makes the actual payment of rent a condition of holding the land, he or his rent-collector is shot—perhaps both are. If people are brought from England or Scotland to teach better modes of culture, the "strangers" or "foreigners" receive threatening notices to quit; and if they stay, they are shot. "Capital" is demanded, especially of England; but if the English capitalist invests in Irish land, he is denounced as "absentee" if he stays away, or shot if he goes to Ireland; and in either case he finds his money sunk in property made worthless by the want of that which imparts all stable value to property—social order.

Perhaps it is an effect as well as a cause of this desperate condition of the country, that the most extensive social corruption prevails. Many moral obligations needful to the social polity are set at naught; the landowner wastes the hereditary patrimony; the tenant repudiates his rent; nobody is safe but the murderer, who alone walks unharmed in broad daylight and finds an asylum in every cabin; among the richer classes, faction contends in a corrupt scramble for patronage; the poor laborer abandons his work to spend his time in the national recreation—bloodshed; and if, in default of private works of improvement, any works of a public kind are introduced, public speakers and writers throw out hints how they may be destroyed; establish railways, and you shall see newspapers teaching how they may be pulled up to make pikes!

The progressive deterioration came to a crisis in the famine of 1845-6; the potato crop, long denounced as a precarious reliance, failed; and all Ireland was destitute.

The only measures of relief and counteraction emanated from England; ten millions sterling were devoted to Ireland, half given and half lent; and food was sent to the country by fleets of ships. During the intensity of the famine, the people were more tranquil, being utterly apathetic. To deprive the relief of its demoralizing character as alms, public works were devised; the employing classes in Ireland denounced the public works as useless, but devised none that were more useful; the starving people made a sham of their work; the relief wages were made the subject of corrupt jobbing, at which all classes seemed to connive; as the extreme dearth mitigated, the energy of the people revived, and was shown in reviving abuse of England, accompanied by repudiation of the loan, renewed violences, and ever-insatiable demands for more help.

The drain upon England seeming endless, a new poor-law was passed, to make the poverty of Ireland a charge upon its property, according to natural justice and common sense; the rateable classes refuse to pay rates.

Irish property *will* not pay for Irish pauperism—the landowners say they can't afford it; and so England is called upon to maintain the destitute of Ireland. The season of begging for Ireland reopens to-morrow, the 17th instant, with a collection in the churches under the queen's letter. Indignation is felt by many humane persons in England, because they cannot forget the claims of our own hard-working poor, so long postponed in favor of the semi-voluntary destitution of the Irish poor, who won't work even when they may. But Sir John Burgoyne, backed by Mr. Trevelyan, says that if we don't pay this sort of poor-rate for Ireland, the Irish on the west coast will starve.

So let it be, says Mr. Campbell Foster, quondam commissioner of the *Times* newspaper—leave the Irishman to the poor-law of his land. The English laborer submits to intense toil, because he labors under the dread of starvation; that which is to the English laborer a penalty *in torrorem* has been actually incurred by the apathetic indolence of the Irish laborer, who is content to run the risk of starvation in order to avoid hard and incessant work; and it is not just to exempt the Irishman from a penalty which the Englishman avoids by his own exertion. During the summer, the apathetic creatures, counting on future aid from England if extorted by "necessity," have neglected even to store peat for their winter fuel.

True; yet England cannot deliberately suffer the people to starve unhelped, even from their own fault; besides, the poor cannot get effective employment sufficient to maintain them, because there is no employment; there cannot be more employment without improvement; there cannot be improvement, because each class denies the coöperation necessary for the other; there cannot be a better feeling while misconduct and despair continue to destroy mutual faith; and faith cannot be gained until the state of society is improved.

This hopeless circle of despair is not essentially inherent in the Irishman; it does seem the innate doom of the Irish race in Ireland; but when that race escapes to the colonies, as it shows such an unfailing disposition to do, the case is altered; the Irishman then, whether as landowner, tenant, or laborer, becomes settled, orderly, industrious, and thriving.

The parts of Ireland which are an exception to the rule of despair are those in which the native Irish race has undergone a large commixture with races from Great Britain, as in Ulster. There also the people exhibit some degree of mutual faith, order, self-reliance, industry, and prosperity.

In those respects, Ulster and the colonies are similarly circumstanced—that is, in the commixture of races, the good order, and the prosperity.—*Spectator*, 16 Oct.

From the Edinburgh Review.

1. *Degli ultimi Casi di Romagna; di Massimo d'Azeglio.* Lugano: 1846.
2. *The present Movement in Italy.* By the Marquis MASSIMO D'AZEGLIO. London: 1847.

THERE is once more a chance for Italy; and it comes from an unexpected quarter—from Rome itself. On crossing from the Roman territory into Tuscany, every tourist, struck by the contrast, has long exclaimed—"See the abominable misgovernment of the patrimony of the church." Political philosophers have long quoted its condition as proof positive and irresistible, of the effects of putting temporal power into spiritual hands; and as being the crowning example of Clarendon's celebrated maxim—that the clergy took worse measures of affairs than any other class that could read and write. Italian patriots have long mourned over the unfortunate geographical position of the Papal States, stretching from sea to sea, and thus offering an insurmountable barrier to any prospect of a sound Italian nationality. The doctrine of the holy alliance, (and latterly of the monarch of the barricades,) that political reforms must come from above, and that whenever it was otherwise, foreign sovereigns should interfere, for the protection of their order—appeared to shut the gates of hope on Italy.

For, under these circumstances, (as in our protected states in India,) who could have anticipated that "the right divine to govern wrong" would be ever voluntarily resigned by the possessor of it? Certainly not the Italian people; nor the historians of the successors of St. Peter—from Hildebrand to Gregory the Sixteenth. Truly Pius IX. has taken kings, and Christendom, and Austria, by surprise.

It is no slight evil to an English diocese, when its bishop is more bent on aggrandizing a family than on looking after his clergy and his poor—on saving money than on saving souls. What a terrible thought, therefore, that *nepotism* (both word and thing) should have come out of the treasures of the Vatican, to corrupt the world by fatal examples of a perpetual breach of trust—in what ought to have been the purest of all earthly places! and that the worst governed state in Europe should have been that, which was under the immediate authority of the holy see! Yet there is another thought almost as painful. Contrary to all reasonable expectation, and beyond our most sanguine hopes, Providence has at length raised up a reforming pope; for the removal of such fearful contradictions, and for the deliverance of these unhappy provinces from the misery and scandal of many ages. Pius IX. is a ruler, resolute as Luther, yet gentler than Melancthon. His own people fall on their knees, at his amnesties and ordinances, with a deeper reverence than under his most solemn benedictions before the steps of St. Peter's. The arms, which were turned against his predecessors, in periodical insurrections from 1820 to 1845, are now all united enthusiastically in his defence. Wherever he appears, *gratior il dies, et soles melius nitent*; and the political horizon is clearing day by day from Civita Vecchia to Ancona. Yet, in the face of virtues so unexampled, and of the festive happiness of a whole people, what at this moment do we see arrayed against him?—Austrian bayonets glittering across the Po, and the treacherous combinations of the wily spider of the *Palais Royal*! Pius IX. might have made his people miserable with impunity. His predecessors had done so. But let him try to make them happy, and it is at the peril of his crown—perhaps of his life. This is the reverence of Roman Catholic princes for the head of their church—this his reward for daring to introduce the virtues of the gospel among the principles of his civil government! Father Ventura, the celebrated Theatine preacher, declared, not long ago, that his holiness had not a friend among European sovereigns—except England and the Turk. *Vi assicuro, che il Papa non ha, fra i Sovrani, nessuno amico, eccettuati sempre pero l'Inglese e il Turco*. We still hope, however, notwithstanding what passed not long ago at Cologne, that Prussia might also have been added.

It is a wretched thing to have an interest that anybody should be made unhappy through the misconduct of another. Yet this was long the relation of Russia to Poland. It is now the relation of Austria to Italy. Russia prevented Poland from improving her constitution, that she might be so much the more easily dismembered and absorbed. From her Lombardo-Venetian provinces, Austria watches every movement in the rest of Italy, with the same object. She has, unfortunately, a direct interest, that the several members of the great Italian family should continue jealous of each other; that the Italian part of Italy should be more uneasy and worse governed\* than the Austrian; and that

there should never arise an Italian nationality or an Italian nation. The instant, therefore, that a spark of life appears in Italy, the hoof of the Croak is set in motion to tread it out. It is true, after the disturbances of 1830 in the papal states had been put down, that Austria went through the form of joining the other four great powers (May, 1831) in a memorandum to Gregory XVI., then newly elected pope, recommending certain reforms, as essentially necessary. This was, however, a pure formality; for, on Cardinal Bernetti's attempting to give effect in part to the recommendation, Austria interfered. Her interests are so diametrically opposed to those of Italy, that Azeglio assumes it as a fact, of which there can be no question; and he assumes, accordingly, that no justice is to be expected from her.

But what are we to say to France? That great country can have no manner of interest in the degradation of Italy. Quite the contrary. But, if her government had frankly played into the hands of Austria from the first, its policy would not have been more fatal to Italy than it actually has been; while it would have saved that unhappy country from no end of hopes and struggles—encouraged only to be betrayed. The French occupation of Ancona, as explained by Cassimir Perrier to the Chamber in 1832, had two objects; in the first instance, the protection of the papal states against Austria; but, in the next place, the introduction of those administrative reforms, which are a better security to governments than the repression of periodical rebellions. Ancona, however, was afterwards evacuated; with no further security for this last object than may be supposed to be contained in the brilliant speeches which M. Guizot and M. Duchatel, (the present ministers,) as well as the Duc de Broglie and M. Thiers, made on the occasion. And now that the pope himself has turned reformer, what mist is again poisoning the policy of the Tuileries? Instead of coöperating to raise up two noble nations in the two peninsulas, the French people—so proud (and justly) of their nationality—are made to look like conniving parties to some secret compact, by which France is to give up Italy to Austria, on condition that Spain is delivered over to the matrimonial designs of the house of Orleans!—a turn of affairs this, surely, in which France has no more interest than glory. It will be a difficult task for any future historian of "modern European civilization" to reconcile any conscientious sympathy in its progress, with these transactions. Whoever wishes to study severe morality on paper, will do well to read M. Guizot's writings; whoever wishes to study loose morality, illustrated by examples, cannot do better than track him in his late ministerial career.

If ever a nation assumed a moral attitude which entitled it to the confidence of neighboring powers, it is the moderate and progressive party, now happily a great majority throughout Italy, and represented by the pope himself. The moderate party is become so numerous as to be the national party. Their great rule of conduct has been, to substitute appeals to reason, in the place of appeals to force;

profit by it. If the subjects of the papal government do not seek to be joined to Austria (as many believe and say, and propagate the thought, *colla infame società Ferdinanda*), we have to thank the generous nature of the Romagnuoli, and their national and truly Italian spirit (Byron called them "two-legged leopards.") They prefer any evil before submission to the common enemy. But the papal government, we must admit, has left nothing undone, on its side, to reduce them to accept this hard alternative."—*Azeglio*, 1845.

\* "Austria knows this well; and knows, too, how to

to urge forward the governments, in order that revolution may be anticipated by reform; and to keep back the people, in order that no pretext may be given for Austrian intervention. The first year of the pontificate of Pius IX., so regarded, would make an *annus mirabilis* in any history.

A few months before the late pope was passing to his last account, Azeglio laid at the old man's feet a glowing picture of the terrible effects of his misrule, and of what was his awful responsibility. Gregory must have trembled even in St. Peter's chair, as he read of righteousness, temperance, and judgment to come.

"Either my accusations," said Azeglio, "are calumnies—if so, prove it—or it is true that one who preaches justice, and sits in its highest charge, is himself committing injustice. And then, it is reasonable to ask of him—if there are two gospels, and two morals, or only one—if he is convinced or no, of that which he is preaching and teaching to the world! It is then reasonable to ask of him, to deny one of two things—either his teaching or his actions; to demand of him, if in our age it be lawful, or, among things possible, to maintain any authority whatever, upon the flagrant and perpetual denial of its own proper principles; if there be a man in the world who can have a right to set at defiance the reason of all mankind; and if it be not too great an absurdity to suppose that mankind will quietly resign themselves to the multitude of evils which must ensue? On the contrary, it is reasonable to tell him:—Of the risings of Romagna, of those slaughters, those exiles, of the tears of so many unhappy persons, you will have to render an account to God—you, their governor, and not your wretched subjects, trodden under your feet. Their blood will be rained down upon your head; their sorrows, their tears, will be judged of by that tribunal before which there come neither crowns, nor sceptres, nor tiaras—things which have mouldered in the grave—but where only is presented the naked human soul, with no safeguard against the sword of eternal justice, but the shield of its own innocence; where your deeds will be weighed in those incorruptible scales, in which the least of injuries done to the least of men, weighs heavier than all the thrones and all the sceptres of the universe.

"Either all that you are teaching of the justice of God, and of his tremendous judgments in another life, is false; and, then my words are folly, and you will do ill to heed them; or, what you are teaching is true, and you are persuaded of it, and you believe that God will one day require of you a reason for your works; *I gave you a people, what have you done with them?* And then, tell me, tell me by what name your actions must be then described! Tell me, what possible explanation can be rendered of the course you are pursuing; tell me; for of myself I can neither find one nor divine one. The powerful of the earth—the others, may laugh me to scorn as a declaimer. But though they may do so, you dare not, you cannot, without making yourself and your words, a lie."—(*Degli ultimi Casi di Romagna*, 1845.)

Pius IX. was born at Sinigaglia, May, 1792, of the family of Mastai. He was sent on a mission, many years ago, to Chili. From what we have heard of his musings with one of his colleagues, as they sat on deck, during the silent watches of the night, he can have wanted no other warning than

his own enlightened conscience, now that the awful responsibility has been brought home to his own person. *Vedremo grandi cose*, prophesied his colleague on his election. It may be a cruel alternative, which Metternich, and Metternich's abettors, set before him. But he must not quail. There are those who can only kill "the body, and after that, have no more that they can do." Be not afraid of them! While, upon all who are wicked enough to seek to swamp in blood the fruitful seeds of this great political (and, sooner or later, religious) reformation, we could almost call down the curse of Byron:—"The Huns are on the Po. The dogs! the wolves! may they perish like the host of Senacherib! Let it be still a hope to see their bones piled like those of the human dogs at Morat in Switzerland, which I have seen."—(*Ravenna*: 1821.)

The boldness with which, in treating of the *last movement in Romagna*, Azeglio rebuked one pope, will relieve him of all suspicion of flattering another. For all that Pius IX. has accomplished during the first year of his pontificate, we can therefore safely refer our readers to Azeglio's recent appeal to Europe, *on the present movement in Italy*. "That throne," he declares, "which tottered under his feet, when he ascended it, is now the firmest in Europe. The religious regeneration in the populace is most remarkable. We see them influenced by the great example of virtue and self-denial, presented to them by the pontiff. Outbreaks of hatred are more and more rare. The thought of Pius IX. suffices to restore them to good feeling. Pius IX., who is ever to be found where there is a question of an evil to be banished, and a good to be obtained, represents the moral principle in its most heavenly form, on the pontifical throne; and by his means we look for its entire restoration."

When we hear that the Jews have started the inquiry (not very unlike their question in Oliver Cromwell's time) whether the reforming pope might not be the Messiah—since his own Christian population have applied to their new sovereign the words of the gospel, "*Fuit homo missus à Deo, cui nomen erat Johannes*"—we may pardon Azeglio for welcoming in him, not only the political regenerator of his country, but "the real apostle of religious truth."

#### GOD IS LOVE.

I CANNOT always trace the way  
Where Thou, Almighty One, dost move;  
But I can always, always say,  
That God is love.

When Fear her chilling mantle flings  
O'er earth, my soul to heaven above  
As to her sanctuary springs,  
For God is love.

When mystery clouds my darkened path,  
I'll check my dread, my doubts reprove;  
In this my soul sweet comfort hath,  
That God is love.

Yes! God is love—a thought like this  
Can every gloomier thought remove,  
And turn all tears, all woes to bliss—  
For God is love.



## THE CONVICT'S DAUGHTER.

"I know that all men hate my father;  
And therefore, Javan, must his daughter's love—  
Her dutiful, her deep, her fervent love—  
Make up to his forlorn and desolate heart  
The forfeited affections of his kind."—MILMAN.

THE following narrative is borrowed from the interesting work of M. Maurice Alhoy, on the convict prisons of France:—

"It is now some years," says this writer, "since I passed several months in the town of Rochefort. It became my daily habit to walk in the gloomy avenues of the public garden, and there I used to watch the convicts as they worked in pairs, carrying heavy burdens, and gladly purchasing, by the performance of the most laborious tasks, the favor of being allowed to escape for a few hours from the pestilential atmosphere of the prison. I had remarked a young girl who passed before me several times, casting an anxious and longing look towards the building in which the ropeworks were carried on. The young girl wore the Vendean costume. She seated herself upon a bench under the trees, and remained apparently lost in thought. I approached and recognized her. I had seen her the preceding evening at the house of the gatekeeper, and had then been informed of the object of her journey. The young girl was engaged to be married, and her father was in the convict prison. Eutrope, the peasant to whom she was betrothed, was acquainted with the guilt of his future father-in-law, for the same village had been their home. He was conscious how much he might lose in the esteem of others by marrying the daughter of a convict; but Tiennette was beloved, and Eutrope's affection for her made him shut his eyes to the possibility that any painful result might arise from their union.

"He wished to marry the companion of his childhood; but he desired that this father, who in the eyes of the law was dead, who had no longer any right over his daughter, and whose remembrance it was well to banish, should no more be spoken of. Tiennette loved her father, and the contempt with which others regarded the author of her days, only redoubled the fond affection of his daughter. She was desirous that he should sign her marriage-contract, and bestow upon her a father's blessing. Eutrope had long resisted this wish of Tiennette; he still objected to the step she proposed to take; and it was with an unwilling heart he undertook with her the journey to Rochefort. Eutrope was a well-looking youth, with frank and open manners, and of a prepossessing appearance. It was not long before he joined us, after making some purchases which had detained him for a time from his betrothed.

"I took upon myself to interpret to him the wishes of Tiennette. I told Eutrope that a father is never guilty in the eyes of his daughter; that no laws, judges, or juries can unloose the ties of nature; and that the filial piety of Tiennette ought to be considered by him as a precious pledge of the virtues of his future wife. The girl did not speak, but her eyes were fastened on the countenance of Eutrope. She watched its every movement, as if to gather from them his acquiescence in her desire. Eutrope listened to me with his eyes fixed upon the ground. When I had done speaking, he made me no reply, offered no objection, but took the arm of Tiennette within his own, and together the young couple turned their steps towards the prison. I followed them, and the poor girl, who seemed to

consider my presence as useful in confirming the vacillating resolutions of her lover, encouraged me by her looks to remain with them. We found on our arrival that the aged convict had been ill for some days; he was no longer in the prison, but had been conveyed to the hospital. We silently traversed the long court and mounted the staircase. When we reached the entrance of the wards, the young girl trembled violently, her cheeks became deadly pale, and her heart seemed to sink within her. Eutrope and Tiennette were permitted to approach the prisoner's bed; but I was refused admittance by the turnkey, and I could only see from a distance the remainder of this touching scene. At the foot of the convict's bed stood Eutrope, whilst Tiennette approached her father with an expression of fearfulness which she vainly strove to conceal. He raised his languid head, turned his dimmed eye upon his child, and a faint smile passed over his sunburnt countenance. The turnkey, who had introduced the two young people into the ward, remained gazing upon the scene; a good sister of charity supported the sick man; he took the pen which was handed him, and glanced over the marriage-contract, which had been prepared beforehand, and wrote beneath it his dishonored name. Then stretching towards Tiennette his wasted arms, he clasped her to his bosom. The movement he made in doing so shook his chain, one link of which rested in the hand of Eutrope, who looked at it with a bewildered stare; whilst another rustled against the dress of Tiennette, whose tears fell upon the rusty iron. The head of the dying man soon sunk once more upon his pillow. Tiennette took advantage of this moment to glide her trembling hand furtively under the coverlid. The turnkey had that instant turned to lead the way out of the room, and the anxious glance she fixed upon him betrayed to me alone the poor girl's secret offering to her father. Eutrope, who seemed ill at ease, made a sign to Tiennette, and they both went slowly out, with downcast looks. When they had reached the foot of the staircase which led to the wards, the young girl said to Eutrope, "The step which we have now taken will bring us a blessing." They then entered together the chapel of the civil hospital, offered up a short prayer, bade me farewell, and mounted a little cart, which bore them back to their native village.

"Yes, God will bless thee, poor maiden, who didst not forsake the author of thy days, nor think that his guilt had broken every tie which subsisted between thee and him. Thy children will pay to thy virtue the dutiful homage with which thou hast not feared to honor a guilty father."—*Chambers' Jour.*

## THE FIEND'S FISHPOND.

ABOUT the middle of the month of June, 1835, the city of Bilboa, in northern Spain, then held by a strong garrison of the Christiano troops, was invested by the Carlist force, under the immediate command of the celebrated Tomas Zumalacarregui. The queen's troops were well supplied with provisions, arms, and all the munitions of war, and enjoyed, besides, an uninterrupted communication with the sea, which was little more than four miles distant, by the river Nervion, on the banks of which Bilboa is situated; whilst the appointments of the besieging army were so utterly wretched in every particular, that nothing but the strongly-urged personal request of Don Carlos himself induced Zumalacarregui, much against the dictates

of his own better judgment, to enter on the task at all.

The feeble operations of the besieging force had proceeded for about ten days—Zumalacarrégui having been removed to a distance, in consequence of a wound received on the second day of the siege, which ultimately caused his death—when, an hour after nightfall, a young man, enveloped in a large cloak, underneath which he wore the uniform of a Carlist officer, entered the grounds adjoining an elegant mansion situated close to the sea-shore on the opposite bank of the river to that occupied by the forces of Don Carlos. The officer was the only son, indeed the only child, of Don Ricardo Silva, the proprietor of the house and grounds. At the breaking out of the civil war, he had taken up arms as a volunteer of the Carlist cause, and at an early period had been rewarded for his gallantry and zeal with a commission. From that time circumstances had not permitted him to revisit his parental home until now, when the regiment to which he was attached forming a part of the force investing Bilbao, he gladly availed himself of what he deemed a favorable opportunity for that purpose. Before leaving the Carlist camp, he made inquiry of a soldier named Murito, serving in the ranks of his own battalion—who had deserted from the Christino garrison at the commencement of the siege, and who might be supposed to be tolerably well acquainted with the habits of the queen's troops in the locality—as to the danger he was likely to incur of falling in with any of them on that side of the river, which was occupied by them exclusively. The man assured him that, even previous to the investment of the place, the troops were not allowed to remain without the gates after sunset on any pretext; and that he might proceed after that hour to his father's residence, and return in perfect safety, provided his stay was not prolonged beyond sunrise on the following morning. Relying on his assurances, therefore, Lieutenant Silva had proceeded on foot along the river on that side occupied by the Carlists, until he had arrived opposite his father's mansion, when, hailing a fisherman, he was ferried across, and in a few minutes more was sheltered beneath the parental roof.

On the warmth of the greeting which welcomed him, after an absence of years, during which he had been exposed to all the vicissitudes of a cruel and exterminating warfare, we need not dwell. Under such circumstances, it will be readily conceived that by the little party, composed of the young man and his parents, the lapse of time was unheeded; minutes and hours flew swiftly by. Midnight had long been past; but as the lieutenant proposed starting on his return by daybreak, beyond which time it would be imprudent for him to remain on the Christino side of the river, none thought of retiring to rest. It wanted still some hours of dawn, when, during a momentary pause in the conversation, a distant tinkling sound, borne on the night wind, caused the youth to start from his seat and throw open the casement, which looked upon the lawn in front of the mansion. A moment of breathless suspense followed, then a freshening of the breeze, and with it a renewal of the sound, which his practised ear now readily distinguished as the ringing of hoofs and the clank of cavalry equipments. Such sounds heard on *this* side of the river plainly told him that the enemy was at hand, and needed not the additional evidence to that effect which was furnished in another minute by the sight of the lance-flags and shakos, the shape of which,

sharply defined and relieved against the bright moonlit sky, bespoke the appearance of a Christino squadron. At the same time they left the high road, and entering the grounds of Don Ricardo, advanced at a rapid pace towards the house; thus rendering their intention, however mysterious the source of their information, but too obvious—the arrest of the Carlist officer.

Lieutenant Silva and his parents were too well acquainted with the atrocious and unrelenting system of extermination which characterized the proceedings of the belligerent parties in the Carlist war, not to know that arrest under such circumstances was synonymous with death; that should a Christino prison once close upon him, it would open only to conduct him to a bloody grave. Paralyzed by the unexpected appearance of the foe, the alarmed group stood for a few seconds in a state of indecision. The young soldier was the first to recover presence of mind. Extinguishing the lights which stood on the table, he announced his intention of descending into the Fiend's Fishpond, whence, after the withdrawal of the Christinos, he could be easily extricated, and ferried across the river. The Fiend's Fishpond was a frightful pit in the garden immediately behind the mansion, similar in form to a draw-well, and about twenty feet in diameter, produced apparently by some convulsion of nature, and deriving its singular appellation from some wild legend having its origin in the superstition of the neighboring peasantry. Being situated within a few yards of the shore, a subterraneous communication existed between it and the sea, which had never indeed been explored, but the existence of which was evident from the fact that the water in the Fishpond rose and fell with the tide. To a distance of several fathoms below the surface of the earth, the sides of the pit were straight and smooth as a wall; but it had been ascertained that, at a considerable depth, a projecting ledge of rock, a couple of feet in breadth, ran round its entire circumference, which, at low water, was left completely bare, and on which, at such times, one might sit or stand in safety for some hours—it being again submerged by the rising of the water to the depth of three or four fathoms, according to the state of the tide, whether spring or neap. When crossing the river from the Carlist side, the young man had observed that the tide was rapidly falling; and knowing, from the interval that had elapsed, that it must be now about low water, he prepared at once for the descent. This was an achievement which, however frightful to look upon, was, in reality, not attended with any excessive danger to one of steady nerves, when properly assisted from above; his ultimate safety, of course, depending on his being withdrawn before the rising of the tide. In fact, young Silva had more than once performed the feat in his boyish days, and now felt no hesitation in resorting to it again as the only means of escape from a remorseless and unsparing enemy. In a much shorter time, therefore, from the first alarm, than we have taken to describe the spot, he stood with his agitated father at the mouth of the black and gaping chasm, from which distinctly ascended the hoarse bellowing of the vexed torrent far below; as it rushed through the concealed outlet to the sea. A stout rope secured round his middle, the young man let himself cautiously over the edge; the remainder of the cord being wound round the trunk of a fruit tree, whilst Don Ricardo firmly grasped the extremity, 'paying it out' by degrees. After

the lapse of a few anxious minutes, the don felt the strain relax, a proof that the young man had reached his resting-place; then the vibration of the cord announced that he had cast it off; and then a shout from below conveyed the signal to withdraw it. The only approach for horsemen through the grounds being very circuitous, Don Ricardo was enabled to reach the house and take his seat in the drawing-room before the dragoons pulled up at the door.

A dozen of their number instantly dismounted, and surrounded the house, whilst their officer knocked loudly for admittance. The door having been opened by Don Ricardo in person—the domestics having long before retired to rest, as it was not deemed prudent to inform them of the presence of the young man—the Christino leader recognized him at once as evidently the proprietor of the mansion.

"You keep late hours, Don Ricardo Silva," he commenced. "May I take the liberty of inquiring whether you have had any visitors this evening?"

"My family is a small one, captain," replied Don Ricardo, endeavoring to disguise his anxiety under a faint smile; "and in the present disturbed state of affairs, we never have any visitors beyond our own circle."

"If I mistake not," said the other, "you have a son among the rebels in the pay of Don Carlos. May I ask, without giving offence, when you heard from him last?"

"The last letter I received from him," replied the father, "is dated several months back."

"Strange," observed the Christino, "that I should happen to be so much better informed about him than yourself! Now, were I to venture a guess as to his whereabouts, I should say he was at this moment beneath this very roof."

Don Ricardo vehemently, and indeed truly, denied the fact of his presence *beneath the roof*; but, as may be supposed, his protestations met with little credit. A guard was placed over him and his lady in the apartment in which they had been sitting; the domestics were summoned, and put under similar restraint in another; and the remainder of the dragoons were ordered to dismount and search the house.

An hour subsequently, when every nook and cranny of the building, with the out-offices and garden, had been ransacked—of course fruitlessly—the commander of the Christino party again entered the apartment in which the don and his lady were detained, and informed them, that as it was evident the young man had made his escape before the queen's troops had reached the house, it became his duty to convey them both to Bilboa, to render an account for having harbored and connived at the escape of a rebel. This was a blow which they had never anticipated, and for which they were wholly unprepared. None but themselves being privy to the fact of the young man's concealment in the Fiend's Fishpond, to convey them to Bilboa, and leave him to await the rising of the tide, would be to doom him to certain death. Even as it was, the latest period at which he could be withdrawn with life was approaching with fearful rapidity. Horrified at the prospect, the anguished mother shrieked and fainted; whilst the stout-hearted don himself could not so control his emotions as to prevent the officer from discovering that some deeper influence was at work than the mere dread of the inconvenience to which they would themselves be exposed, trifling as it must prove in the absence of all posi-

tive evidence that young Silva had really been there at all. This of course but confirmed him in his previous intention of taking them to Bilboa; for which place, accordingly, the entire party, including the almost broken-hearted parents, started in a short time afterwards.

As our object is not to describe feelings, but to record facts, we shall not dwell upon the sufferings of Don Ricardo and his lady throughout that dreadful night. The reader can readily imagine how at one moment they would almost resolve to risk all, and reveal the fact, and, rescuing their child from the horrors of the frightful grave into which he had been lowered by his father's hand, procure for him, at all events, the respite of an hour, and the privilege to look once more, before he died, on the light of the sun; and how, at the next, they would determine to confide him to the bounty of that Providence who holds the waters in the hollow of his hand, and bow in submission to his will, rather than become themselves the instruments in revealing the place of his concealment, and betraying him into the hands of men whose "tender mercies were cruel." Let it suffice to say, that when, towards the close of the following day, they were led forth from the prison in Bilboa, in which they had been immured, and informed they were at liberty to return to their mansion, the locks of the gentleman, which, though he had passed the middle age, on the previous evening had been black and glossy as the raven's wing, were white as if the snows of seventy years had descended on his head—the lady was an idiot.

Neither need we expatiate on the feelings of young Silva, as he beheld—if indeed such an expression be correct as applied to his sensations amid the thick darkness which reigned eternally within the frightful recesses of that horrid cavern—the gradual approaches of apparently inevitable death; the rising waters gradually ascending to the level of the ledge on which he stood—to his knees; his hips; his middle; his arm-pits. Conscious, by this time, that something extraordinary had occurred to prevent his parents from effecting his release, all hope of life had faded, and what he deemed a last prayer to Heaven was quivering on his lips, when a loud shout from the mouth of the pit drove the blood, which had begun to stagnate round his heart, again like lightning through his veins. Prompt as the echo was his reply; and the next moment the cord from above struck the water within reach of his arm. With all the despatch which his numbed fingers would permit, he fastened it around him, and announcing his readiness by another shrill cry, was drawn in safety to the top.

He learned, on inquiry, that a neighboring peasant, tempted by the luscious fruits with which the trees in Don Ricardo's garden were loaded, had, on the very night in question, ventured on a predatory excursion against them, and was actually employed in filling a bag with his spoils, when he was alarmed by the entrance of the young man and his father, as related, on the appearance of the Christino cavalry. Taking refuge in a clump of flowering shrubs, he had been an unseen observer of the young man's descent into the Fishpond, and of all the subsequent occurrences. Readily comprehending the entire affair, the honest fellow watched the dragoons clear of the grounds, and knowing that not a moment more was to be lost, procured a rope and hastened again to the spot, when the result was as we have already described.



He now related to young Silva the substance of a singular conversation which, as he lay concealed, he had overheard between the Christino commander and his subordinate officer. In reply to some inquiry of the latter concerning the authority of his information, with reference to the visit of the Carlist officer, "Oh," said the superior, in a significant tone, "my intelligence must be authentic, since I have had it from on high."

"What!" exclaimed the subaltern, laughingly; "have you got a correspondent in heaven?"

"Why, not exactly," was the reply; "my correspondent is yet a resident on earth, and yet I receive his communications literally from the clouds. At another time, however, I may give you further information concerning my celestial informant. At present, I am not at liberty."

The peasant who related this strange conversation discovered nothing in it beyond an unmeaning jocularly bordering on profanity; but Silva, who, during his seclusion, had naturally been speculating on the probable channel through which the Christinos had obtained information of his presence, conceived it to convey much more than met the ear, and to want but a certain key to explain the import of its mysterious allusions. A few minutes afterwards, he found lying on the floor of the hall what a little reflection led him to regard as furnishing the key which he required. This was nothing more than a scrap of paper, less than the palm of a man's hand, greatly crumpled, as if it had been rolled up and thrust into a small space, much soiled, and slightly burned, on which was written, in characters almost illegible, from the treatment it had undergone—"Silva, lieutenant, — battalion Carlist infantry, will spend to-night at his father's house, on the river's side, close to the shore. Sergeant — knows the spot, and can guide a party thither." Having read this important document, which had been accidentally dropped by the Christino officer, and examined its appearance attentively, noting the burn, he raised it to his nose, when it decidedly smelled of gunpowder. He immediately crossed the river, and in another hour was safe within the Carlist lines, when his first act was to wait on the colonel of his battalion, recount the events of the night, and acquaint him with the suspicions he had formed.

It is necessary to state here that Silva's battalion was posted on a steep height immediately overlooking, indeed overhanging, Bilbao, and that so closely that it terminated on the side next the city in a perpendicular cliff, which actually formed part of the wall bounding the military ground appropriated to the use of the queen's garrison in the city; so that any object thrown from the top would necessarily, after a descent of between three and four hundred feet, fall within the limits of the beleaguered town. On the table land at the top of this dizzy height a Carlist sentry was regularly stationed, whose chief business was to observe the movements of the Christino troops below, and report accordingly to his superiors. It had been remarked, that so inveterate was the hostility of the man Murito—of whom mention has been already made as having, at an early period of the siege, deserted from the garrison—towards his former comrades, that invariably, on being relieved from his guard, he proceeded to the edge of the cliff and discharged his musket at the Christinos beneath, the great height of the precipice precluding all danger from a return of the fire. Lieutenant Silva remembered having made inquiry of this man concerning the safety of the

road adjoining his father's residence, and felt convinced that no other individual in the Carlist camp was acquainted with his intention of proceeding thither at all.

Nothing further of importance transpired that day. Towards the close of the next, it happened to be Murito's turn again to mount guard at the top of the cliff. As the hour which would terminate his guard approached, Lieutenant Silva and his colonel appeared sauntering along the platform, and shortly after the relief arrived. The customary form having been gone through, the fresh sentry took his post, and Murito was about to advance, as usual, to have a shot at his friends below. To his surprise the non-commissioned officer of the guard seized his musket, and at the same moment he found himself in the iron grasp of the men. The charge of his musket was drawn upon the spot, when it was discovered that, instead of the blank end of the cartridge, the ball had been bitten off in loading; whilst, rammed down over the wadding, was found a slip of paper, containing the words, in the handwriting of Murito—"Zumalacarregui is dead; the siege must soon be raised if the garrison hold out." This discovery fully vindicated the justice of the suspicions which Silva had formed concerning the mysterious allusions of the Christino officer to his intelligence received "from on high," and the information communicated to him "from the clouds." Silva inquired whether he should order the man to the guard-house to undergo his trial by court-martial; but the sergeant bluntly suggested to his commander the propriety of ordering out a firing party on the spot, and bringing the matter to a summary conclusion.

"Your suggestion is the better of the two, sergeant," replied the colonel, smiling grimly. "I shall adopt neither, however, but make the fellow the bearer of his own correspondence. Death by the bullet is the fate of brave men and true soldiers, and ammunition is not so plenty that I can afford to waste a cartridge on a traitor. Pin the paper to the scoundrel's breast," he shouted, "and pitch him over to convey it to his friends below."

The blood of Silva ran cold at this terrible doom, and he attempted a remonstrance on behalf of the miserable culprit; but the colonel was inflexible. The men to whom the order was given were seldom troubled with scruples; and if they had been, the treachery of a comrade would have effectually silenced them. The paper was actually pinned to the breast of the terror-palsied wretch; he was lifted from the ground, and carried to the edge of the cliff by half-a-dozen pairs of sinewy arms. The Christino sentry at the foot of the precipice was startled by a piercing shriek, as of one in mortal agony, in the upper air—then followed a swift rushing sound, and then a mass of lifeless humanity lay at his feet.

Years elapsed ere the restoration of tranquillity permitted the young Carlist officer again to visit his parental home. In the interval, all that medical skill could effect had been resorted to for the restoration of Donna Silva to her proper mind; but the occurrences of one fearful night appeared to have driven reason from its throne forever. On the arrival of her son, however, it was resolved by the medical advisers, with Don Ricardo's consent, to try the effect of his abrupt appearance in her presence, all other resources having failed. On his introduction to the room in which she sat, her countenance was bent towards the ground, and she seemed utterly regardless of the presence of a stran-

ger. He addressed her; she started to her feet at the first accents of the voice which she had deemed choked forever amid the rushing waters of the Fiend's Fishpond. She gazed upon him—the pallid cheek glowed again—the vacant, lack-lustre eye flashed with the light of intellect—with a wild scream of delight she bounded toward him, clasped him in her arms, and sunk upon his bosom. Her embrace

was long. The medical attendant at length raised her head. "She has fainted," whispered her son. "She is dead!" solemnly replied her husband. And so it was. The struggle had been too great; and her gentle spirit had passed away to the place where "the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest."

From the Journal of Commerce.

#### PUBLIC WORSHIP IN CONGREGATIONAL CHURCHES IN NEW ENGLAND.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—Another thing I have remarked in the public worship in this goodly land, which I don't like at all. I find no warrant in the Scriptures for people's sitting during prayer in the house of God. I believe that it will be conceded that there are only two attitudes of prayer spoken of in the word of God. One is *knelling*; the other is *standing*. For myself I prefer the former, but it is not always convenient. Standing, however, is practicable anywhere, for persons whose health and strength will permit them to do it. As for feeble and aged persons, they ought to sit. And if prayers were always what they should be—short, animated, spiritual, and to the purpose—there are few persons in good health who could not endure the fatigue of standing five or ten minutes; and a public prayer ought seldom to exceed ten minutes.

I should have no objection to the use, at least for a portion of the service, of a short and appropriate liturgy, such as exists in the French and Swiss Protestant churches. But I think that of the Episcopal church, though in many respects very beautiful, is intolerably long, repetitious, and withal has a little too much of Rome in it to suit me. I like the abundant reading of the Scriptures which takes place in the Episcopal church, but that has no essential connection with a liturgy. The practice might exist, and ought to exist, in all churches, of copious, and to some extent systematic, reading of the word of God. The absence of it is a great defect in many of the non-Episcopal churches of this country. But I cannot endure the long routine, and the many and abrupt changes in the service of the Episcopal church, whatever claims she may make to preëminence. I am quite sure that all this is *not* apostolical, whatever else of that high origin she may arrogate. But enough of all this, lest I might offend some among your readers who belong to a branch of Zion for which I have considerable respect, although I thus write.

There is another practice in the churches in New England, and almost everywhere else in these United States, which I deem very reprehensible. It is the unseemly haste with which people quit the house of God, as soon as the benediction has been pronounced by the minister. How shocking is it to see gentlemen adjusting their cloaks or overcoats, or searching for their hats or canes, and opening the doors of their pews, etc., during the pronunciation of the blessing. All this is perfectly outrageous. In contrast with this, how very appropriate is the way in which the public worship is brought to a close in the Protestant churches on the continent, where the whole congregation remain standing in perfect silence a minute or so after the voice of the minister has ceased; and then they retire quietly. In England the difference is still greater. The congregation sit down—in cases where they stand dur-

ing the benediction—and remain seated often two or three minutes, many with bowed heads, *apparently*, and in many cases *really*, without doubt, lifting up the heart to God for his blessing at the very moment of leaving. No one who has been accustomed to the irreverent and unbecoming manner in which people rush out of our places of worship, can possibly attend divine service in England, or on the Continent, without being struck with the contrast in this respect.

I am often scandalized, also, at the practice which the people have in many places, of rising during singing, and turning their backs to the pulpit, for the purpose of staring up into the faces of the choir. All this is vulgar, and unbecoming the house of God. Why do not the ministers of this land train their congregations into better manners in relation to these points? I think that it would really be worth the while to preach occasionally on these subjects. If "holiness" becomes the house of the Lord, most certainly all irreverence and impropriety do not.

ONE NATHANIEL NEMO.

THE JEWS.—No feature in the Christian world is more extraordinary than the disposition which is beginning to appear, after eighteen centuries of oppression and hatred, to extend to the Jews the privilege of free citizens. This has not only been done in our own country, in Great Britain and France, but in Norway orders have been issued from the throne to place them on the same footing of equality with their kindred in France.

Letters from Tunis also announce that M. Albert Cohen, who lately visited Algeria for the purpose of devising means of improving the condition of the Israelites, had arrived in Tunis, and had an interview with the bey. The facility with which M. Cohen speaks Arabic enabled him to converse a long time with the bey relative to his mission. The bey replied:—"With the assistance of God, I promise you to do everything in my power for the Israelites of my kingdom. It is my sincere wish that they may be placed on the same footing as their co-religionists of France. In the mean time, I give you full power to act as you think proper." The Israelites form about one twentieth part of the population of Tunis, and their condition is wretched in the extreme.

JEWS AT ODESSA.—The Russian government has just created at Odessa a school for Karaite Jews, a sect which admits only the written law, and which dissents from the rest of the Jews, called by them Rabbinites, who acknowledge the Talmud and the oral law. In the southern provinces of Russia there are a great many Karaites. The school was opened the 15th of September. Religion, the Hebrew language, the Russian and French languages, arithmetic, book-keeping, the knowledge of commercial law and penmanship, are taught in this school.

From Chambers' Journal.

## EDUCATION OF IDIOTS.

THE account we were able to present some months ago of the methods pursued for educating juvenile idiots at the Bicêtre, Paris, has led to numerous inquiries on the subject. From various parts of the country, we have received letters from parents, whose hapless fate it is to have a child weak in intellect. The writers of these letters have our warmest sympathy: we would, if we could, gladly alleviate their misfortune. Nor are we without hopes that some of them at least, by pursuing certain plans, may have the unspeakable satisfaction of seeing their mentally-defective offspring endowed with an increased measure of intelligence. As every little piece of information on the methods of training children of this unfortunate class seems to be eagerly received, we shall endeavor to present a brief and explicit analysis of the various means employed to produce, in these forlorn creatures, results at once surprising and gratifying. As the simplicity, practicability, and success of the system becomes better known, it is fondly hoped that the benevolent portion of the community may be moved with a desire to establish in this country similar institutions to those which are now effecting so much benefit in France, Germany, and Switzerland.\*

Although somewhat derogatory to the office of tuition, yet for practical purposes, and for the sake of clearness, it may be as well to treat of the school-room in the light of a manufactory, in which certain moral agencies are brought into successive operation, so as to work out, refine, and render serviceable these rude specimens of human nature. And first, as respects the raw material. It may be said to be presented to our notice in various degrees of inferiority; marked, however, by general characteristics, consisting chiefly in the absence of certain properties which are considered indicative of a natural and fully-formed mental organization. Taken in the most inferior degree, sensibility appears to be at such a low ebb, that the ordinary appetites necessary to the preservation of life are not felt, and no traces whatever of the higher endowments are at all discoverable. Fortunately, the aggregate amount of cases belonging to this, the lowest order of idiots is very small. Tracing development upwards from this lowest degree, we arrive at a point somewhat in advance, but still very greatly below the natural standard. It is now ascertained, that among the general population of the country there are a very considerable number belonging to this body of idiots. With

them the instinctive propensities are in active operation, the organs of sense are tolerably perfect, but there exists little or no appreciation of objects presented to them; the guiding powers, intellectual and moral, are entirely absent, and consequently the instinctive appetites are uncontrolled and irregular. Proceeding still higher, we arrive at a class who have the capacity to acquire some imperfect idea of whatever comes within the range of their observation, and have some faint notions of duty. They are able to imitate, in the performance of the simplest occupations, those who are placed in authority over them; but, from want of due tuition, they are suffered to pass through life without experiencing the enjoyments and benefits derivable from that systematic cultivation of the intellectual and moral faculties of which they are capable.

Thus the sensations and perceptions of idiots may be said to be confined within certain limits more or less narrow and circumscribed; some having an organization so low and imperfect, that to all outward appearances they do not stand in the moral scale much higher than the more sagacious of the lower animals; whereas others are endowed with that amount of faculty which raises them to the confines of a well-known class of persons denominated in ordinary conversation silly, or feeble-minded.

Some idea of the proportionate number of persons born with these various degrees of deficiency may be formed, when we state that in England and Wales it is computed that in the workhouses alone there are no fewer than four thousand. These being, generally speaking, the idiots belonging only to one grade in society, the total number must necessarily be very great. In the mere consideration of numbers, we should also take notice of individuals not congenitally defective, but who, soon after birth, have been attacked with some affection or other disturbing the functions of the cerebral organ. Many of these present similar phenomena to those observed in the naturally idiotic, and require similar treatment, subject, however, to certain regulations, which we hope to be able to touch on in the sequel. For the present, we desire to confine the attention of the reader to the consideration of the steps calculated to elevate and improve the creature imperfectly developed at birth.

We refrain from the contemplation, in all its bearings, of the evil tendency arising out of the present condition of such parties both to themselves and society at large. As we wish our remarks to be confined to the training of the truly idiotic, we also pass by the consideration of the state of that large class of feeble-minded persons—the inmates of workhouses and prisons.

It has, until within a very few years, been deemed useless to devote any attention to the idiot beyond providing him with animal comforts or necessities, and taking such care of him as to insure his safety and health. It never was imagined that aught else could be done for him with any chance of benefit. Most persons would have

\* A few days after the above was committed to paper, intelligence reached us that an institution had already been opened by a few ladies at Bath. An opportunity of paying a visit to this admirable establishment presenting itself about the same time, we had the gratification of finding, that, although so lately set on foot, very great progress had been made with the pupils, among some of whom peculiar difficulties had been successfully surmounted by the discretion and sincere earnestness of those who have, by devoting their time and energies to the task, set a laudable example to the benevolent in other parts of the country.



laughed at the idea of attempting the education of any one destitute of ordinary faculties. It is only now beginning to be seen that much may be accomplished by developing and quickening, by various means, the imperfect faculties possessed by these unfortunate beings. The idiot, created with senses perfectly formed, and capable of transmitting impressions, but with a brain incapable of receiving and recording them, sees, feels, and hears, but does not understand. The main object of the kind of education referred to is to overcome this (to speak in familiar language) numbness of the brain. It is accomplished by judicious exercise of the bodily powers, by the application of appropriate stimuli to each organ of sense; and it is the systematic and graduated arrangement of these, as well as the application of them in different degrees of intensity, which constitutes the basis of the system.

Most idiotic children are wayward, inattentive to habits of decency, and addicted to various vicious propensities. In conducting a system of training, therefore, the first efforts should be so directed as to encounter and overcome these disgusting peculiarities by appropriate means, which will be readily suggested to the mind of the devoted tutor. When this first step in the task of reformation is accomplished, the attention of the pupil is to a certain extent brought into operation, and some degree of obedience is obtained. At the same time that means are directed to this desirable end, attempts should be made to overcome the incessant restlessness and automatic movements observable in most cases of idiocy. The child should be placed on a low chair, while the tutor, taking one directly opposite, brings his knees in contact with those of his pupil. The hands should then be gently grasped, placed on the knees, and kept in this position a longer or shorter time, according to the condition and temper of the patient. By following this plan day after day, a degree of control over the irregular action of the muscles is created, and an amount of repose is produced favorable to future impressions. As soon as this capability of quiescence is, by frequent practice, fully confirmed, attempts should be made to regulate muscular action. This is accomplished by causing the pupil to assume various attitudes; as, for instance, to stand, to sit, to place the feet in different positions, walk to time, hold up first one hand, then the other, use dumb-bells, lift and handle objects. In performing these exercises, the tutor should stand before the pupil, and should assume the various positions, so as to produce not only a voluntary and regular muscular action, but also excite and cultivate the faculty of imitation in the pupil.

The above course of practice is applicable to restless cases; but there are some idiots in whom an opposite condition is observable. Little or no tendency to muscular action is manifested, and they would, if permitted, remain their whole lives listless, inactive, the joints ultimately becoming rigid, and the once improvable creature ending his days in a state of helpless decrepitude. Judicious regimen, gentle frictions, and passive motion of

the limbs, followed by suitable gymnastic and entertaining exercises, will in general be productive of increased power and disposition to motion.

Several expedients may be adopted with a view of attempting to generate in these subjects a capacity of moving the limbs in subjection to, as well as independently of, the will. Such, for instance, as causing the pupil to grasp a fixed object with the hands, so as to aid in the support of the body. This exercise can be practised with most advantage when a small and suitable ladder is employed. It should be placed against the wall, and the hands brought so as to grasp one of the bars situated at such a distance that the feet just rest on the floor. By causing the pupil to support himself in this manner, first on that side of the ladder usually ascended, then on the opposite side, the tendency to crouch and sink down is diminished, and he ultimately acquires a capability of standing in the erect posture. As soon as this is accomplished, he should, by the assistance of the tutor, be made to stand with one leg on the margin of a step, so that the other remains free and without obstruction. A heavy shoe being placed on this foot, the limb should be gently swung backward and forward, until, by the repetition of the exercise, he has become capable of accomplishing this motion through his own efforts. In a similar manner the arms may be brought into action by means of dumb-bells; and lastly, by causing alternate motions of the legs, and placing various objects in the fingers, the faculties of walking and using the hands are acquired.

We may here remark, that whilst exciting and regulating muscular action, as well as cultivating the faculty of imitation, it will be desirable to repress any tendency to grimace or uncouth sounds, by placing a finger on the lips whenever such unmeaning actions emanate from the pupil.

The utmost patience in performing these exercises is absolutely necessary on the part of the instructor, and probably, after many wearying days, he may begin to dread a failure; but the recollection of the small share of capacity in the object under tuition, will assure him that the cultivation of it is an undertaking which must necessarily require much time and untiring efforts to arrive at satisfactory results.

As soon as the pupil has acquired a degree of control over the voluntary muscles, the various organs of sense should be suitably stimulated and exercised, so that they may ultimately become capable of conveying to the mind some idea of the properties and relations of external objects. The means by which this end is effected are simple and easily applied; but in order that they may be effective, the impressions should, in the first instance, be made as distinct as possible, so as to excite, in the strongest degree, the particular sense under cultivation. A systematic application of objects having opposite properties should accordingly be made to each organ of sense. Thus, for instance, in order to exercise the sense of touch, the hand should be alternately applied to surfaces

very rough and very smooth, as well as placed in water heated to a bearable degree in one vessel, and then in another containing very cold water. As respects the sense of taste, the opposites—bitter, sweet; hot, cold; savory and insipid—will serve the purpose of bringing into activity the gustatory nerves.

During the application of these different stimulants of sense, the appropriate word should be repeated by the tutor—thus, rough, smooth; hot, cold, &c.—so as to impress the mind of the pupil with the name given to the various properties of matter, as well as stimulate the individual sense brought into action.

In a future number, we hope to communicate further information respecting the combined influence of agents on the senses, as well as the cultivation of the moral powers, and the means employed to impart instruction in various handicrafts.

From the Spectator.

#### NEWS OF THE WEEK ENDING 23 OCTOBER.

THE extent of the pressure on the mercantile world is shown in many untoward signs this week. There are more failures; and among them, an important bank at Liverpool has stopped, while another has suspended payments. From the cotton factory districts come the gloomiest accounts of general stagnation. The occasion has brought forth a swarm of demands and projects of remedy, not only in the shape of the usual currency schemes, which now bask in the sunshine of notice, but complaints and cries for help from practical men; not only does the Anti-Gold-law League continue its select meetings, but a deputation of substantial merchants comes to government with a variety of suggestions.

Of the legion of counsellors, one set, imputing the pressure to excess of railway undertakings, would expunge that excess by forbidding the continuance of all railway works that can be postponed; a sweeping operation, of considerable risk, which is likely to be superseded by the voluntary retrenchment of the speculators. Some, ascribing the pressure to the act of 1844, expect a complete reaction from a repeal of that act, so as to make the store of bullion in the issue department of the Bank of England available to the banking department for distribution among mercantile customers in the shape of "accommodation;" a measure that would leave the convertibility of bank-notes to shift for itself, would probably pave the way to a new bank restriction act, and would at all events be likely to add a panic on the score of monetary depreciation to that which exists on the score of mercantile discredit. Others advise a modification of the bank charter act so as to release a portion of the reserve in the issue department—say two millions. The advocates of a mere paper currency keep their schemes before the public. The deputation of practical men from Liverpool affords a remarkable example of the extent to which public opinion on the subject is unsettled: the members of the deputation had not agreed among themselves, before coming out, what they should ask the government to do: three of them were for an issue of exchequer bills on security of consols and produce; another was for issuing £5,000,000 of notes at 6

per cent. on government securities, East India stock, and bonds; a fifth suggested "the promise of some relief within a week." Lord John Russell, with his financial and commercial colleagues, promised "consideration," but no measure. Ministers, it is understood, will stand firm on the act of 1844.

The sections of the general public that are moved to offer practical suggestions appear to be quite at sea: their remedies are proposed with the earnest faith and vague reasoning of those who urge nostrums—with more hope than knowledge. No facts are adduced to show that there is really a deficiency of circulating medium, or that the act of 1844 really comes into question. The facts that are stated concur in proving that the deficiency is not one of money or circulating medium, but of credit. Hosts of speculators, notably in railways and corn, have gone too far in anticipating probable returns and probable resources; there is therefore a redundancy of debt to be paid; many are bankrupt, no one knows who will go next, and the moneyed classes withhold "accommodation"—decline to lend or advance on discount; while there is a very general disposition to hoard money, in order to meet impending demands on the hoarders, or to make a profit of the hoard when the pressure shall have become still greater. All this difficulty was foreseen. It had repeatedly been shown that the reckless speculations must lead precisely to such troubles as those that now press upon the mercantile world: but the warnings were unheeded by those who were in the fever of commercial gambling; and now that the day of reckoning comes, there is a painful outcry for help. The relaxation of the act of 1844 might have postponed the pressure for a time, by giving an apparent and temporary extension to credit; but it could not have prevented the day of reckoning, and would only have increased the difficulty which it deferred.

For although the want of credit is, as it were, a sentiment, it is not unfounded; there is, as compared with the gigantic scale of commercial undertakings, an actual deficiency of ready capital—of available materials or produce. Not only was capital wasted in the most multifarious and lavish expenditure—in speculation and luxurious living—but the probable resources of the future were anticipated, and were over-estimated; credit was discounted, and has for the time been used up. The merchant class has on the whole been the one to furnish the most distinguished victims—a class which conducts its affairs, private as well as commercial, upon a system of credit. The merchants of our day, abandoning the homely trading exactness of their forefathers, with vast and complicated operations, seldom know, out of any specific receipts, what is gross income and what net profit: their incomes are re-invested; they pay their way, both in business and in their household affairs, by "drawing;" and an ascertained surplus is perhaps a phenomenon which they only know about retrospectively, if at all. This has helped to make great establishments and "princely" merchants plunge into princely amounts of debt without knowing it.

But if the pressure was not unforeseen, it is not without signs of reaction. Bad as it is, it is not yet so bad as the money crisis of 1825 was, although the immense scale of mercantile operations magnifies the present aspect of disaster: there has been no universal panic among the banks, because the act of 1844 has kept them generally out of speculation; and, in spite of the railway calls, insol-

vency has not made an irruption into every section of the community, as it did in 1825. The failures have probably weeded the commercial world of its weaker and more unsound growths. The "depreciation" of property and stock which is observed is only the tangible evidence of that retrenchment which necessarily follows upon lavish expenditure: the bankrupt, or the man who foresees bankruptcy, to be averted only by retrenchment, is obliged to sell off; he sells, and glutts the market; prices fall; the inevitable sacrifice restores a more healthful condition of finance; the public begins to purchase again, and prices rise. Such is the circle, of which we have reached the depreciation stage; and from that stage we are likely to advance ere long.

Ireland goes on much as usual. To the anti-rent movement is now added a potato-pillaging movement; the peasantry assembling in tumultuous numbers, and forcibly taking from the middle classes their stores of potato. Several reverend gentlemen are sufferers in that way; and among them the parish-priests have not been spared. This is a very ugly feature of the new agitation.

We have to report progress in the affairs of several foreign countries; the incidents being new and important, though not demanding extended comment.

Narvaez has signalized his return to power by a reconciliation of Queen Isabella and her husband. The journals of his party magnify the imposing effect of the ceremony, and describe the royal couple as "radiant with satisfaction;" which would seem to falsify much of what has passed current before, only that it is impossible to tell on which side lies the balance of falsehood.

In Switzerland, civil war approaches with rapid strides and inflamed countenance. The federal government and its adherents proceed without delay in preparing to enforce the decree of the diet for the dissolution of the Separate League; the cantons of the league are no less diligent; and the Catholic citizens of the mixed cantons avow their allegiance to the cause which they identify with their faith, in formidable numbers.

Meanwhile, foreign intervention has not been, even already, quite withheld. Austria is moving large bodies of troops towards the Swiss frontier. The conduct of France towards Switzerland has been the subject of animated discussion in both those countries, and in our own capital. Last week it was known that a supply of arms and ammunition, sent by the French government to the government of the canton of Friburg, had been intercepted by the citizens of Neuchâtel: subsequent convoys have succeeded in making good their passage. The government at Paris having taken a decided position, it follows as a matter of course that they are attacked by the opposition papers; for hostility to ministers, rather than sympathy with the Swiss federalists, may be regarded as the most stirring motive with the French opposition. The defence offered by the ministerial journals is, that France has been in the habit of selling arms to the governments of foreign countries with which she is at peace, and that therefore there was no reason to refuse an application from the government of Friburg. The opposition reply, that France is at peace with the government of Switzerland, and yet she has been abetting subjects in resisting that government.

Although immediately concerning a small state, a transfer of sovereignty has taken place in Italy

which is likely to have important consequences. At the last settlement of the Italian states, it was arranged that the Bourbon prince to whom Lucca was given should only hold that duchy during the life of the ex-empress Maria Louisa: on her death or abdication he was to succeed to the duchy comprising the states of Parma, Piacenza, and Guastalla; and the duchy of Lucca was then to revert to Tuscany, to be incorporated with that state. The duke, worried by the embarrassments of his position between Austria his protector and his beloved subjects calling for reform, has anticipated the period of his translation so far as to yield up Lucca to Tuscany, with which it is henceforward incorporated. This transfer will have an important influence on the progress of opinion in Italy, in more ways than one. In the first place, while the late duke kept the sovereignty, his timidity and real sympathy with absolutism made him a retainer of Austria, and his state was virtually reserved as a friendly inlet for Austria, to whom it secured a position in central Italy; now that Lucca is incorporated with Tuscany, that position is no longer available to Austria. Next, the advancement of the Lucchese towards liberal institutions is thus far confirmed; which is in itself, merely *pro tanto*, a gain. But further, in being transferred from the rule of an absolutist to that of a liberal government, the Lucchese will realize, at a stroke, many of the advantages derivable from political advancement: they will find a considerable change for the better in respect of personal ease and freedom from galling restrictions on the conduct and the tongue; thus their convictions in favor of liberal institutions will be strengthened by experience, and their settled attachment will act as an instructive example to the rest of Italy—even unto Milan and Naples.

In a foregoing page we have said that the calamitous consequences of the speculative mania were not unforeseen: here is a specimen of the far-off warnings, extracted from our own file. The article of which this formed the concluding paragraph was written during the access of the railway fever in 1845, and applied more immediately to it: "the famine," and its attendant train of aggravations, were still in the unrevealed future.

"Supposing this confidence should prove fallacious, and things should take the fatal turn which has been hinted at, there is one consolation which will be open to all involved in the common ruin. Heretofore, when we have been visited by the consequences of over-speculation, the issuing-banks have contrived, as fast as the foreign exchanges went down, to counteract the contraction of the currency which would otherwise have taken place, by a proportionate increase in their issues, and thus to defer the inevitable crash, with the certainty of causing it to be more extensive and protracted when it came. The bank charter act of last session will now effectually preclude this palliative: when once the exchanges turn and the banking-reserve of the Bank of England is reduced to its lowest point, nothing can then take place but the inflexible working of the law, under which the paper-circulation of the country will contract day by day in proportion to the gold withdrawn; and from the dull unvarying pressure of this remorseless screw there will be no escape until it has done its work. If under its operation the railway schemes of the past year should fall from their present premiums, not to a discount but merely to par, about ten millions of wealth of which the public now fancy themselves possessed will have wholly evaporated; while, if the shares



of the old companies fall only to the point at which they stood this time last year, and from which they have risen not so much on account of increased dividends as from anticipations of wonderful effects from amalgamation, &c., an evaporation of about twelve millions more will be found to have taken place. When these events occur, with their long train of bankruptcies, embezzlements, and suicides, *the public will not be disposed to permit self-reproach to be added to their other afflictions: the new bank charter act will receive their anathemas, as the cause of all the evil: and by hugging this consolation, many will contrive to pass through the misery that awaits them, without even deriving the advantage of the lesson which that misery is calculated to teach, namely a consciousness of their own immortality and folly.*"—*Spectator*, 26th July, 1845.

The present dilemma of gambling Liverpool was curiously foreshadowed by the commercial writer in the *Times*; who spoke as follows in July last, apropos to a speculative reaction in the price of "shares," after the depression in April—

"In shares the reaction has been remarkable; but according to the Liverpool price-lists, its extent in that town has been far greater than in London. During the ardor of the past week, the jump in some of the smaller shares has been equal to not less than 30 per cent.; while in heavy descriptions the rise is so enormous as to show that purchases must have been made of the boldest description; a fact which it may be worth while to notice, in case events now looming (although perhaps at some months' distance) should render necessary another deputation to London to solicit government aid, or a repeal of the bank charter act."—*Times*, 1st July, 1847; City Article.

In the year 1737 three per cent. consols obtained the price of 107 per cent., which was the highest ever known; and on the 20th of September, 1797, when the failure of the attempt to negotiate with the French republic became known, they fell to 47½, the lowest point they ever reached.

"AIDE-TOI."

THE mercantile world is in trouble; it sees no immediate resource, no easy way of escape; and flies to the usual resort for help—to the "government." People have been over-speculating; they have wasted their money, been disappointed of returns, feel the pinch of poverty, look around in vain for assistance; and, gathering courage from their own numbers, they cry out for aid to "the government." Merchants, with business of literally unknown amount, have been living like princes; they find out, too late, that they have over-estimated their profits; their creditors are prompt, but not their receipts; they are deplorably in want of money; and, being many, they send up a deputation to "government." In other words, members of the mercantile world have run too far into debt; being short of cash or credit, they are put to serious inconvenience; and as the extravagance has been very general, the body of insolvent gentlemen assumes a multitudinous aspect; which is supposed to constitute a proper case for the interference of the state. The same plea might be set up in favor of Irish Ribandmen, or Lancashire Turn-outs, or any other set of persons who violate their social duties in large numbers.

But mere multitudinousness is not a sufficient plea for state interference. Most of the essential functions of life are necessary to great multitudes, yet it is expected that they should be performed with-

out official intervention. The true ground of state interference is not obscure or equivocal. Those things upon which the majority of a community is agreed, and which are good for all, but which cannot be consummated unless all act simultaneously, are legitimate subjects for the intervention of the central authority. Such is the valid plea for sanitary regulations: it is very necessary for the health of all, that every man's dust-heap should be removed; but if all his neighbors neglect to carry away their dust-heaps, it is of very little use for one to begin; and as he cannot enforce the observance of the rule by mere example, nobody begins: it is desirable, therefore, that the state should enforce a consentaneous movement of dust-heaps.

Apply this test to the demands for a state intervention to "restore confidence" or "sustain credit." Credit is the belief entertained in a man's resources; confidence is the general feeling produced by that belief. It is the business of the state to keep up the standards of credit, so that they be steady and not liable to deterioration; but it is not the business of the state to sustain credit, or to keep it fixed. That depends upon the diligence, probity, exactitude, and discretion of the individual merchants; and it is their business to sustain credit individually, as it is collectively their business to impart "confidence." Credit is the result of conduct, not a matter of convention: confidence is a feeling, and cannot be decreed. The failure of credit, now, is the consequence of no official laches, but of the indiscretion of merchants: they are the more aware of it precisely because they have not been allowed to tamper with the standards of credit, and thus the whole of the backsliding is measured off to the view: they want the standards of credit to be a little lowered—credit to be stretched, so as to disguise their case; the real remedy is to supply that which has been deficient—discretion. They must pinch; a disagreeable process, but salutary. It would beget a still more alarming panic, if our merchants were very numerous to fail in another essential element towards mercantile prosperity—in probity; but they would do little in such case to "restore confidence" by calling on the state to make merchants honest, still less if they were to obtain a subsidy for supplying the defalcations in the estates of fraudulent bankrupts. There would be no economical distinction between that case and the present. The duty of the state is to remain firm in keeping steady the standards of credit; it is the part of the merchants to maintain the credit itself—their part to sustain their own "confidence" in their own body.—*Spectator*, 23 Oct.

From the Spectator.

CURRENCY AND CREDIT.

THE true principles of a sound currency are seldom controverted; but they are apt to be lost sight of in the eager search for relief from difficulties of a different origin, or in the maze of discussion when counsel is darkened by words without knowledge. The currency of any country having pecuniary transactions with other countries can only be based on the precious metals. Its standard of weight and purity is fixed and applied by law; but the amount of the currency is not matter of authoritative regulation, but regulates itself according to the wants and resources of the country, which sometimes make it scarce, and sometimes allow it to be plenty. In most countries the expedient of substituting a paper currency in part for a currency of the precious

metals has been resorted to, as being more convenient and more economical. It is essential to the safety and success of this expedient, that the paper money, which possesses no intrinsic value, should at all times be convertible, at the option of the holder, into the precious metals which it represents. To insure the fulfilment of this salutary condition, it was provided by the bank charter act of 1844, that the issue department of the Bank of England should not be allowed to issue more than fourteen millions of bank notes without an equivalent deposit of gold for any surplus above that amount. It was computed from the result of past experience that the circulation of Bank of England notes (usually amounting to about twenty millions) would under no circumstances fall so low as fourteen millions; which might therefore be safely issued without a corresponding deposit of gold. This provision of the bank charter act has not any effect in restricting the currency, and was not framed with such a view. Had the authorized amount been taken at sixteen millions instead of fourteen millions, the circulation would not thereby have been increased by two millions; but the only difference would have been, that of the twenty millions of bank-notes usually in circulation two millions more than at present would have been issued on the guarantee of the legislature and without a corresponding deposit of gold. The notes issued on a deposit of gold would, however, have been reduced to exactly the same extent. This last position is not generally attended to; although, when examined, it will not admit of dispute. But an opinion is very prevalent, that when the circulation of the country becomes contracted within its usual limits, and a general scarcity of money exists, the amount of bank-notes which the issue department is authorized to issue on the guarantee of the legislature and without a corresponding deposit of gold, should be increased so as to supply the deficiency. Such an attempt to contravene the natural laws by which the amount of the currency is governed, besides failing in its immediate object, would aggravate the evils it was meant to remedy. A contraction of the circulation within its usual limits may proceed from a turn of foreign exchanges against the country, leading to an exportation of gold, as was the case in the early part of this year. It seems obvious, that if at that time the issue of bank-notes had been increased, it must have led to an increased exportation of gold, (still keeping down the amount of the currency,) until the coffers of the bank were emptied and a suspension of cash payments took place: whereas the exportation of gold having been left to produce its natural effect on the currency and on prices, the drain was checked by the increased value of money, while no apprehension arose that the bank would be unable to meet its engagements. The present heavy pressure on the money-market proceeds from a different cause. It is mainly owing to an universal feeling of mutual distrust among the mercantile community. If the numerous failures which have occurred had served to show that the feeling was groundless, it would gradually have been dispelled. Unhappily, they have, on the contrary, tended to confirm it. Scarcely one failure has happened which (whatever had been the state of the money-market) was not inevitable, if the truth of the case had been known. The state of the money-market has only brought the truth to light. Under such circumstances the immediate pressure of the money-market might, no doubt, be relieved for the moment by an increased issue of bank-notes; but the relief would be but temporary, and would prove both fal-

lacious and ruinous, unless the causes in which the pressure had its origin, should cease to operate. If the want of confidence should not be removed, or if the drain on the resources of the country should not be stopped, then the increased issue of bank-notes beyond the point of safety would first be frustrated in its immediate object of affording relief, and afterwards be followed by a panic lest the bank should be unable to meet its engagements, whereby a suspension of cash payments must ensue, or by the actual occurrence of that disastrous result.

The demand for an increased issue of bank-notes is precisely analogous to what, with a metallic currency only, the demand would be for a debasement of the coin to meet a similar emergency. Each measure would operate in the same manner and lead to the same consequences. The fallacy of the demand consists in expecting paper-money to be something more than a faithful substitute for the precious metal which it represents. The office of a well-ordered currency, whether of the precious metals or of representative paper, is not to replace capital which has been dissipated, or to restore confidence when it has been shaken, or inspire it when it is not due: its office is to do no more than furnish that which, at all times and under all circumstances, may prove a trustworthy and convenient medium of exchange for mercantile transactions, both foreign and domestic. This office, under the operation of the bank charter act, our system of currency has faithfully and effectively executed. Throughout the present alarming crisis, bank-notes have been as good as gold. They never were so on any similar occasion. The ordeal through which we are now passing has been brought on by schemes of internal improvement, here, as in America, carried far beyond our available resources; by reckless trading with fictitious capital; by heavy losses in trade treated like losses at the gaming-table and repaired by fresh borrowing; by an enhanced price for cotton, and an enormous drain of bullion for food; by prodigal relief to Ireland; by a government loan at an adverse period; by the alarm and distrust which all those concomitant circumstances conspired to produce. To attribute effects of such magnitude to the want of any additional amount of bank-notes which would have been issued without an entire disregard of consequences, is a palpable absurdity. It is no less absurd to suppose that the present distress could be removed by the legerdemain trick of setting afloat some two or three millions of "promises to pay," without the wherewithal to keep the promise. Such a project would only turn the insolvency of counting-houses into a general confiscation of the money which every member of the community has in his pocket.

A. B.

THE POSTHUMOUS WORKS OF DR. CHALMERS.—It will be agreeable intelligence to many that an American republication of the posthumous writings of Dr. Chalmers is about to appear, from the press of Messrs. Harper and Brothers, simultaneously with the original edition, from duplicate stereotype plates. These productions will comprise the matured fruit of the academic and theological labors of this distinguished scholar and divine, during the greater part of his arduous and valuable life. The desire on the part of the reading public of the United States, to possess these treasures of the learning and piety of one of the greatest and best men of any age, will doubtless be very general.—N. Y. *Com. Advertiser*.

## RECOVERY OF A DAUGHTER.

MANY years ago, several German families left their country and settled in North America. Amongst them was a man from Wirtemberg, who, with his wife and a large family, established himself in Pennsylvania. There were no churches or schools then in that neighborhood, and he was compelled to keep the Sabbath at home with his family, instructing them himself to read the Bible and pray to God. He used very often to read the Scriptures to them, and always used first to say "Now, my children, be still, and listen to what I am going to read; for it is God who speaks to us in this book."

In the year 1754, a dreadful war broke out in Canada, between the French and the English. The Indians took part with the French, and made excursions as far as Pennsylvania, where they plundered and burned all the houses they came to, and murdered the people. In 1755, they reached the dwelling of the poor family from Wirtemberg, while the wife and one of the sons had gone to the mill, four miles distant, to get some corn ground. The husband, the eldest son, and two little girls, named Barbara and Regina, were at home. The father and his son were instantly killed by the savages, but they carried the two little girls away into captivity, with a great many other children who were taken in the same manner. They were led many miles through woods and thorny bushes that nobody might follow them. In this condition they were brought to the habitations of the Indians, who divided among themselves all the children whom they had taken captive.

Barbara was at this time ten years old, and Regina nine. It was never known what became of Barbara; but Regina, and a little girl two years old, whom she had never seen before, were given to an old widow, who was a very cruel woman. Her only son lived with her and maintained her; but he was sometimes from home for weeks together, and then these poor children were forced to go into the forests to gather roots and other provisions for the old woman, and when they did not bring her enough to eat, she would beat them in so cruel a manner that they were nearly killed. The little girl always kept close to Regina, and when she knelt down under a tree, and repeated the prayers to the Lord Jesus, and the hymns which her father and mother had taught her, the little girl prayed with her and learned the hymns and prayers by heart. In this melancholy state of slavery these children remained nine long years, till Regina had reached the age of nineteen, and her little companion was eleven years old. While captives, their hearts seemed to have been drawn towards what was good. Regina continually repeated the verses from the Bible, and the hymns which she had learnt when at home, and she taught them to the little girl. They often used to cheer each other with one from the hymn-book used at Halle, in Germany:

"Alone, yet not alone am I,  
Though in this solitude so drear."

They constantly hoped that the Lord Jesus would, some time, bring them back to their Christian friends.

In 1764, the hopes of these children were realized. The merciful providence of God brought the English Colonel Boquet to the place where they were in captivity. He conquered the Indians and forced them to ask for peace. The first condition that he made was, that they should restore all the prisoners they had taken. Thus the two poor girls were released. More than 400 captives were brought to Colonel Boquet. It was an affecting sight to see so many young people wretched and distressed. The colonel and his soldiers gave them food and clothes, brought them to a town called Carlisle, and published in the Pennsylvania newspapers that all parents who had lost their children might come to this place, and in case of their finding them, they should be restored. Poor Regina's sorrowing mother came, among many other bereaved parents, to Carlisle; but alas! her child had become a stranger to her. Regina had acquired the appearance and manner, as well as the language, of the natives. The poor mother went up and down amongst the young persons assembled, but by no efforts could she discover her daughters. She wept in bitter grief and disappointment. Colonel Boquet said, "Do you recollect nothing by which your children might be discovered?"

She answered that she recollected nothing but a hymn which she used to sing with them, and which was as follows:

"Alone, yet not alone am I,  
Though in this solitude so drear;  
I feel my Saviour always nigh,  
He comes the weary hours to cheer.  
I am with him, and he with me,  
Even here alone I cannot be."

The colonel desired her to sing this hymn. Scarcely had the mother sung two lines of it, when Regina rushed from the crowd, began to sing it also, and threw herself into her mother's arms. They both wept for joy, and the colonel restored the daughter to her mother. There was no one to own the other little girl; and as she clung to Regina, and would not let her go, the mother took her also to her home.

As soon as Regina came home, she inquired for "the book in which God speaks to us." Her mother unfortunately was destitute of that treasure, having lost everything when the natives burnt the house. A Bible, however, was presented to her, when application was made at Philadelphia; and it is remarkable that Regina had so retained her early instructions that she was enabled to read immediately when the precious book was handed to her.—*Related by the Rev. Mr. Rone, of Elsinore, in Denmark.*



## BEWARE OF FRANCE.

[We copy from the N. Y. Commercial Advertiser an article on the affairs of the Rio de la Plata. Many things make it evident to us that France, or the king of the French, wishes to meddle in American affairs—perhaps to keep matters the more quiet at home. It seems likely that full employment may be found for diplomatic managers nearer home—but this is the best foundation for hope that this people will not get up a war in America.]

**AFFAIRS ON THE RIO DE LA PLATA.**—It may not be uninteresting, even to such of our readers as have not a direct interest in the trade there, but who yet may desire to understand the general outlines of the question, to be informed regarding a controversy which may shortly assume an importance of no ordinary character. Steam power is every day bringing us nearer and nearer to localities which, a few years ago, measurably lost their importance to us by distance; hence it becomes more and more important that we should at least keep ourselves "posted up" in reference to what other nations are doing, even if we are unwilling or unable to follow their example.

We happen to possess some information in regard to matters connected with the present and future condition of things on the Rio de la Plata, and with the governments on and near that river, which we regard as of deep importance, and the truth of which may probably be confirmed at no distant day; and when so confirmed we may naturally look for some excitement. The United States at any rate cannot fail to become deeply interested, nor can their government remain a silent spectator, when the matters to which we allude become more developed.

Our readers will recollect that England and France have jointly sustained a long blockade of the port of Buenos Ayres, with the view of bringing Rosas, president of the Argentine republic, to sundry terms and conditions; but this indomitable chief sternly and gallantly resisted. To understand this matter more clearly, it would be well to turn to a map and see the position of governments whose interests were involved. First, in regard to Montevideo, which commands a very important position, not only geographically but politically. This city, with its Banda Oriental, occupies the northern side and entrance of the Rio de la Plata, and, with anything like a respectable government and power, could control the entire trade and intercourse of that river with the vast country above and interior on either side.

It has always, therefore, been jealously watched by the government of Buenos Ayres, or the Argentine republic, which holds the opposite side of the river, and extends a vast distance up; the seat of government being Buenos Ayres. The empire of Brazil extends down till it reaches the Banda Oriental, the latter alone separating it from the Rio de la Plata. It will be seen therefore at a glance how important to Brazil must be the action and destiny of Montevideo and the Banda Oriental; for with that strip of country in possession or under political control, Buenos Ayres and all the vast interest on and tributary to the Rio de la Plata would be at the mercy of the empire of Brazil.

As the French government is now closely allied to the government of Brazil, a French prince being married to a Brazilian princess, and other family ties also existing, it may readily be understood why France should desire to strike down the only barrier that remains against the control by Brazil of the Rio de la Plata and its vast interests. That barrier is

Rosas at Buenos Ayres. To put his power aside it became an easy matter on the part of the French to "pick a quarrel" with Rosas, and take sides with the government of Montevideo. To cloak the design, France succeeded in inducing England to join in a blockade and quasi war against Rosas, on the ground that he was too restrictive and interfered too much with what they called "neutral trade."

Circumstances however, have convinced England that every blow struck against the power of Rosas only added power to France, through her connection with Brazil, and that in fact France only desired to advance the power and influence of Brazil; that the whole self-called government of Montevideo or the Banda Oriental was composed of French adventurers, and that the city of Montevideo itself was, as regards the proportion of inhabitants, as completely a French town as Havre or Bordeaux.

When a change occurred in the English ministry, last year, measures were immediately adopted to look into this matter and, if found as suspected, break off this joint interference, which, under the pretence of improving the condition of neutral trade, was only making things worse. To perform this duty an intelligent, honorable and liberal nobleman, Lord Howden, was selected by the English government to visit that quarter, and Count Walewski was sent out by the French to look after the French side of the question. Lord Howden, it seems, lost no time in having an interview with the real government of Montevideo, at the head of which is General Oribe; and next pushed up to Buenos Ayres and had an interview with Rosas, who seems to be a sort of "Old Hickory" in that quarter; he soon saw enough to convince himself that England stood in a very false, or at least anomalous position, and directed the English admiral to withdraw from the blockade, and thus English intervention ceased. There remain then only the French to keep up the blockade, for it appears that Count Walewski was not charged with the same powers or inclinations possessed by Lord Howden.

A curious incident occurred at this time, which may here be alluded to. Our chargé d'affaires at Buenos Ayres, Mr. Harris, took occasion, while these representatives of France and England were on the spot, to address them a note setting forth the avowed rule of our government, not to acquiesce in any measure which encouraged the establishment on any part of this continent of a European government, or to countenance any interference with established American governments. To this note Lord Howden instantly responded in a spirit of frankness and amity, disavowing any such intention on the part of his government. So far as England is concerned, then, there is no appeal—no after clap—the government of England is as completely bound by this explicit avowal as it could be under a signed and sealed treaty to that end.

We are yet to learn how far it may suit the policy of France to confirm what Count Walewski said, on the same occasion, in reply to Mr. Harris; it may require "a vote in the chambers," as was claimed in the matter of our indemnification treaty. Suffice it to say, the profitless blockade of the Rio de la Plata, by French intervention between the nominal government of Montevideo and that of Buenos Ayres, is still kept up, and we have reason to believe that an additional French force of some six thousand troops will be sent out to Montevideo, to carry into full effect the original design of the French government. Lord Howden's course will be con-

demned by the French cabinet, for reasons too obvious to require further explanation.

In this state of things what course does it become the duty of our government to adopt?

We do not say that it has yet become necessary for us to act in the matter. The frank and liberal regard for our interest, as the great neutral power on this side the Atlantic, manifested by Lord Howden, not only in his reply to the note of Mr. Harris, but by his prompt action in raising the English portion of the blockade, may yet induce corresponding action on the part of the French government; or other matters may intervene which will show the French government that it would be wisest and best to abandon its presumed design. But it will be difficult for us to note, without opposition, the progress of a measure which may place in the power of France, or, by her aid and under her direction, in the power of Brazil, the entire control of the trade of the Rio de la Plata, and with it of course that of the Parana and Uruguay. A glance at the map will show that the power, having the means to act, which possesses Montevideo, has as complete control over all the trade of those rivers above, as New York city would have over the trade of the Hudson, or New Orleans over that of the Mississippi and its vast tributaries.

Ever since that alliance by marriage between France and Brazil, has been noticed an increasing querulousness on the part of the latter government, (the only imperial fragment left on this side the Atlantic,) and the day probably is not far distant when the "imperial government" will be found assuming some position or setting up some demand which will make it necessary on our part to caution the emperor in regard to such instigations as he may receive from his French relations.

We neither counsel nor desire alliance with any European power, in this or any other matter, yet it may be well for us not to allow any old prejudices, for or against either of the two named in this connection, to blind us to our duty in fairly discriminating between them, or to withhold our approbation and approval of the conduct of either which has for its object the advancement of civil and religious liberty from one end of this continent to the other. The course pursued by Lord Howden in his mission thus far seems to us entirely correct and laudable. He is now at the imperial court of Brazil, as minister from his own government, and circumstances may occur which may call further upon the exercise of those qualities he so eminently possesses.

#### THE MEXICAN BATTLES.

MUCH as has been published in this and other American papers, descriptive of the first battles in the environs of the city of Mexico, there are some points of novelty in the following brief account, by an English observer, which the New York Commercial Advertiser copies from the London Times:

"The United States army, under General Scott, began leaving Puebla on the 17th of August. They arrived at Azatla on the 14th, but finding the Penon too strong to take without considerable loss, they retreated to Chalco, and went round by Icochirnielo to San Augustin. This road was considered so impracticable by the Mexicans, that they entirely neglected to defend it, but the American pioneers seem to be admirable, and the army rather unexpectedly made their appearance at San Augustin on the 17th. Still finding strong fortifications at San Antonio and Churubusco, which they

thought better to attack on the flank, they made an artillery road over the Pedregal towards San Angel, where they met General Valencia with 5000 men and 20 guns, who endeavored to prevent their passage by that point.

"Deeming it more advisable not to leave him behind them, they drove him, upon the evening of the 19th, toward the Magdelana, where he took up an excellent position. In the night, however, they completely surrounded him with only 3,000 men, and at the break of day attacked and dispersed his division at the point of the bayonet, without the assistance of a single gun, taking all his pieces. General Valencia escaped to Toluca, where he is now trying to get up a revolution against Santa Anna, upon whom he throws the blame of his defeat, a proceeding which may somewhat impede negotiations. The same American division, with reinforcements, then proceeded to attack Churubusco and San Antonio in the flank. Here they met a more obstinate resistance, principally from a body of one hundred American deserters, who had been enrolled by the Mexicans, who pointed the guns beautifully and fought like devils.

"After three hours' hard fighting, the Americans gained a complete victory, took 3000 prisoners, among whom were seven general officers, and twenty pieces of cannon. Their way was now open to Mexico, with the exception of some slight works at the Garitas. However, the same evening Santa Anna sent a messenger to Scott, saying that if he would agree not to come into the city, he would listen to propositions of peace. General Scott, with a prudence and moderation for which he deserves the greatest credit, and by which he almost created a mutiny in his army, agreed to this, saying that he should take up his quarters nearer the city, which he did next day at Tacubaya. An armistice has since been signed, and commissioners have been appointed to meet Mr. Trist at a small village, Itzacapualco, about a league from Mexico; they are Jose J. Herrera, Mora y Villamil, Bernardo Orieto and Atristain, all men inclined for peace; but there are too many of them. Several deputies declare that they will not meet here, but at Queretaro. Santa Anna's influence seems to be on the wane.

"General Paredes landed from the Teviot on the 14th of August; and in consequence of the American authorities having done away all the former Mexican customs of visiting ships on their arrival, he passed through the city and escaped into the country with perfect ease. While the Teviot was absent at Tampico, the governor of Vera Cruz finding that he was likely to get into a serious scrape through his negligence, endeavored to lay the blame upon the captain of the steamer, and forbade his landing on his return from Tampico, although no other obstacle was put to the communication with the shore. It was somewhat laughable that the captain was the only person in the ship who was unable to land, having broken his leg some time previously."

**SINGING MOUSE.**—The last number of the Journal of the Franklin Institute describes in the following manner, a natural curiosity which had been exhibited at the September meeting of the Institute.

"A natural curiosity was next exhibited, which excited considerable interest. This was a *Singing Mouse*, which, though declining on this occasion to perform in its best style, yet gave sufficient proof that its musical powers are wonderful, for an animal

of its kind. It is a common domestic mouse, (*Mus Musculus*), and in appearance differs, in no remarkable particular, from other individuals of its species.

"It was the musical talent of this little creature which led to its capture. A lady, who kept some canary birds in her room through the day, but who was in the habit of having the cages removed to another apartment for the night, happened to hear, after retiring, a musical chirping in the room, apparently proceeding from beneath a bureau. Supposing that one of her birds had escaped from its cage, and remained in the room, she attempted to dislodge it from its supposed concealment. No bird, however, made its appearance; but a mouse was startled from beneath the bureau, and ran to another part of the room, where it recommenced its song. It was caught and confined in a cage, which it has now inhabited about six weeks; having become quite tame, and evidently recognizing individuals, by showing more familiar regard to its keeper than to strangers.

"It is seldom entirely silent, except when sleeping; almost constantly emitting a low chirping series of notes, resembling, somewhat the twittering produced by a nest of young birds. As the evening advances, its musical disposition is more fully developed, until, usually, towards midnight, its notes increase in power, compass and variety—it then frequently pours forth a gush of melody, resembling the song of a canary bird; but softer and less shrill than the notes of the feathered songster."

**RUSSIAN MANUFACTURES.**—Mr. Cobden's late visit to the great annual Russian fair, at Nishnei Novogorod, has revealed some striking facts with respect to Russian manufactures. The great variety of articles which were exposed for sale, and the admirable order which was maintained at the exchange of goods, very much exceeded his expectation. Mr. Cobden visited several of the manufacturing districts in Russia, where he was much surprised and gratified with the industry and skill of the workmen, principally native peasants. At Wochna he found silk goods manufactured in a very good style to an extent of several hundred thousand roubles annually. At Moscow several manufactures excited his astonishment and admiration. Mr. C. is said to have pronounced the calico printing mill of M. Gutschkow one of the most perfect which he had ever seen in its organization. In another establishment, that of M. Procherow, the care bestowed upon the health, morals, and instruction of the children employed was very gratifying. The mills in Moscow appear to be conducted with great skill and order, and with a very admirable combination of the various divisions of the manufactory. Cloth weaving appears to be in a very favorable, in fact in a very advanced, state in Russia, and many circumstances combine to bring this branch of industry to the highest perfection. It has long been known that the manufacturers of England had many powerful and skilful rivals on the continent, but she has not hitherto expected to find them in Russia.—*Nat. Intelligencer*.

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